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Herbert Read, author of "The Green Child." *(See page 11)*

Back to Barbarism—Scientifically

By H. J. MULLER

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December 11, 1948

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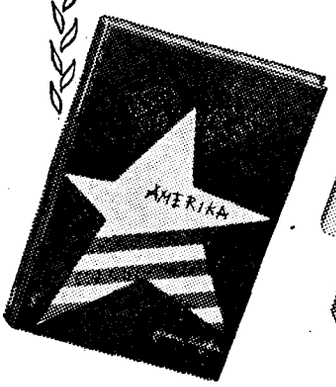

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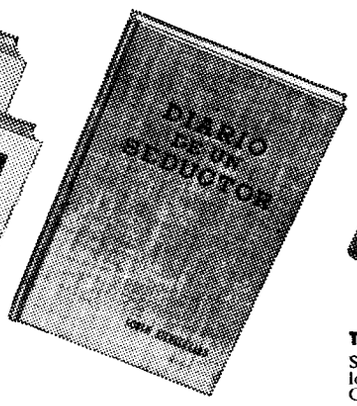

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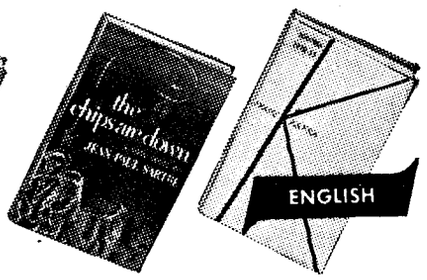

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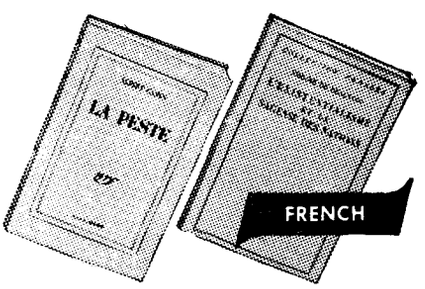

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TRADE Winds

THE GOTHAM BOOK MART'S do for Sir Osbert and Dr. Edith Sitwell brought out the darndest assortment of celebrities, freaks, refugees from Park Lane, and the lifted-pinkie set since the famous party for Joan "Cradle-of-the-Deep" Lowell aboard the *Ile de France* in 1929. Wystan Auden, Tennessee Williams, William Saroyan, Jim Farrell, Carl Van Vechten, Marianne Moore, Stephen Spender, William Carlos Williams, Lincoln Kirstein, and Bill Benét were ogled and fought over like movie stars in front of the Hampshire House. One bearded gent wore a red velvet smoking jacket and looked disdainful. Another sported a Navajo Indian robe and looked dirty. The inevitable *Life* photographers knocked glasses out of the hands of distinguished guests and blandly shooed Hostess Frances Steloff out of her own back office. That I managed to reach the side of Dr. Edith myself was a tribute to the all-American interference provided by Mary McGrory of the *Washington Star*, who neatly took out the last apparition with a swivel-hipped feint and an astonished, "My God, I think that was Oscar Wilde!"

Dr. Edith was taking the commotion in stride. "As I say in my lectures, I don't like talent," she was telling one poet. "I prefer power and conviction." "I hear you were very funny once in Liverpool," I shouted above the din. "Would you tell me the details?" Dr. Edith beamed (how all people love to be told they've been funny!) and said, "Sit down here with me. The incident to which you refer occurred when I was discussing the poetry of D. H. Lawrence. I said it was 'soft, woolly, and hot like a Jaeger sweater.' I thought Lawrence would have a fit but he didn't. The Jaegers, however, did. They informed me indignantly that their sweaters were indeed soft and woolly, but never hot, due to their 'special system of slow conductivity'."

If there was more to this story I never heard it, because a fresh contingent suddenly eddied into the room and I found myself jammed against the midriff of a gentleman who introduced himself as Vernon Heimerdinger, of Winnipeg, Canada. As I fought my way to the street and a breath of fresh air, I could hear the anguished voice of Jim Henle, of Vanguard Press, beseeching a photographer, "No, no, don't throw *him* out of the picture! That's Sir Osbert!" . . .

"I've lost my mommy."

A NOVEL ABOUT THE TRAFFIC in drugs is on the agenda of Art Paul, but he will not be able to lick the last chapter until he decides who gets the heroin. . . . N. Sulzberger was discussing a famous writer of mystery stories who took up spiritualism in his declining years. "Do you think he really believed in that mumbo-jumbo?" asked a friend. "I'll tell you how deeply he believed," answered Mr. S. "Just before he knew he was going to die, he had his telephone temporarily discontinued!" . . . William Jones and Richard O'Riley, the two Dartmouth seniors who struck pay-dirt with "For Men Lonely," their informal guide to women's colleges, are doing a follow-up on seats of learning for men. "Weekend" is its name, Houghton Mifflin the publisher, and Harvard, Yale, Dartmouth, Princeton, Williams, Amherst, Brown, Annapolis, West Point, and Cornell the institutions analyzed. As far as this book is concerned, anything west of Lake Cayuga evidently is considered no-man's land. . . . Harper's announce the awarding of the seventeenth Eugene F. Saxton Memorial fellowship to Alice Fellows, of Tuscaloosa. . . . Remember Groucho Marx's zany routine about the time he shot a wild elephant in his pajamas? "How he got into my pajamas I'll never know," mused Groucho. "And what a time I had prying off his tusks! In Alabama, of course, the Tuscaloosa." . . .

DAVID DAVIDSON'S NEW NOVEL, "The Hour of Truth," scheduled for January publication, is the story of how a man discovered in the tropics an end to impotence and a renewal of the zest that had deserted him at home. Like his memorable "The Steeper Cliff," the setting is one that he knows at first hand. During part of the war Davidson was stationed in the picturesque city of Quito, capital of Ecuador. In the public library he discovered a priceless store of old Spanish manuscripts and colonial documents—over a million volumes piled up in hopeless confusion. At the U. S. Embassy's suggestion, Archibald MacLeish offered to send down an experienced cataloguer to bring order out of the chaos. The local head of the institution—a gnomelike octogenarian—did not cotton to this notion at all. "For what do we need a catalogue?" he

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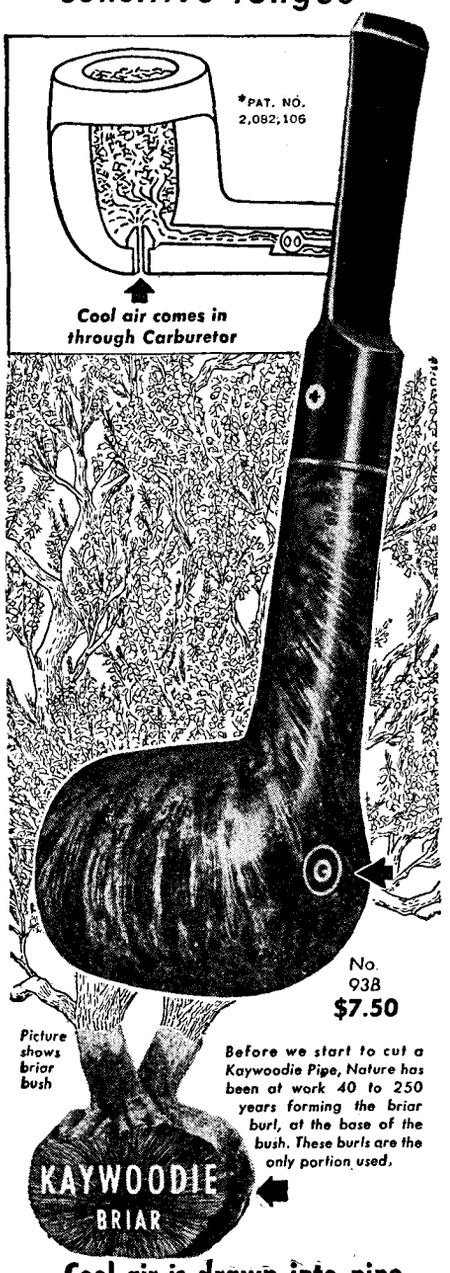
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asked querulously. "I know in my head the exact location of every single volume." . . .

ROOTS. . . . In September 1926 George M. Cohan produced a play called "Yellow" by Margaret Vernon. Rehearsals did not go smoothly, and Cohan fussed and fumed over every member of the cast—except one young man in a relatively minor role. The young man took Cohan's apparent lack of interest as a sure sign that he was doomed to dismissal, and though he played every run-through as well as he could, he expected to get the sack any moment. When the dress rehearsal was finished, however, Cohan spoke to him for the first time. In front of the entire company he said, "Spencer Tracy, you're the best damn actor I ever saw," and walked out of the theatre. . . . Damon Runyon was once a bellboy at the Jerome Hotel in Aspen, Colorado. . . . James Huneker, the famous critic, helped finance his education by playing the organ at a Jewish synagogue on Saturdays and at a Roman Catholic church on Sundays. . . . Sigmund Spaeth, in "A History of Popular Music," points out that the Englishman who wrote that Pollyanna-ish song, "Pack Up Your Troubles in Your Old Kit Bag and Smile, Smile, Smile," committed suicide shortly thereafter, and that the familiar "Sweetheart of Sigma Chi" was a product of a couple of loyal sons of Alpha Pi. . . . A well-upholstered club-woman was introduced to Julian Hawthorne one evening, and mistook him for his father Nathaniel. "I've just finished 'The Scarlet Letter'," she gushed, "and I think it's the most remarkable work you have done." "You'll think it's even more remarkable," said Julian Hawthorne, "when I tell you it was written when I was exactly four years old!" . . .

REVIEWING A GROUP of new books about American Indians, Timothy G. Turner, in the *Los Angeles Times*, complains that none of them do justice to their sense of humor. Indians do not joke often, says Turner, but when

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they do, they compare favorably with many of radio's foremost "dead-pan" comedians. He recalls one Oklahoma brave who was riding a horse while his squaw plodded behind on the dusty road. "Why do you ride on a horse while your wife walks?" asked Turner. The brave gave him a devastating look and explained simply, "She ain't got no horse." Another time, the Hollywood impresario Sid Grauman imported a score of Sioux to pitch their tepees in the lobby of his Chinese Theatre, and help attract some wampum to the box-office for a heap-big picture about the noble red men. When the chief confessed he never had seen an ocean, or a lake for that matter, Grauman, sensing extra publicity, took him and a half dozen newspapermen down to Santa Monica. "See what the chief says when first he casts his eye on this great expanse of ocean," exulted Grauman. "These fellows are really very poetic underneath." When the party reached the Pacific, the chief gazed at it some moments in silence, then climbed back into the automobile. Turner took down his complete statement: "Too damn much water." . . .

HEARING A MAN COMPLAIN of his worries, Man-about-town Herbert Wise assured him, "Come with me and consult my friend Kadison. He'll work wonders for you." They visited Kadison, who obligingly proposed, "Let's analyze your worries one by one."

"First," said the man, "the post-election break in the market fooled me worse than it did Sokolsky and my broker demands $400 additional margin. Second, I owe $90 to my tailor. Third, the electric light bill is overdue. That's $18 more. And fourth, I'm overdrawn by $300 at the bank already."

Kadison did a little mental calculating and said cheerily, "That adds up to $808. Forget all the details, think of just that, and you'll have only one measly worry left."

"What did I tell you?" exulted Wise. "That fellow Kadison's a genius!"

—BENNETT CERF.

"A garland of essays by that Lamb in Saturday Review's bosom, John Mason Brown"

—CHARLES POORE, New York Times

SEEING *More* THINGS

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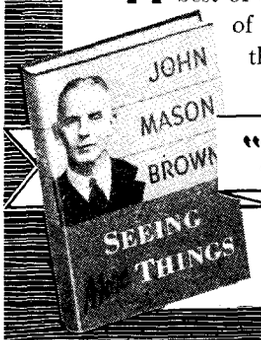

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The Saturday Review of Literature

Back to Barbarism—Scientifically

H. J. MULLER

H. J. Muller

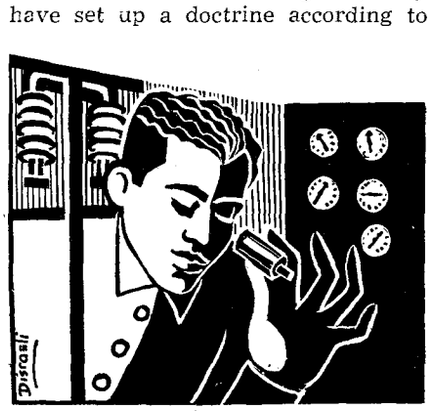
EDITOR'S NOTE—*In "The Destruction of Science in the USSR," which* SRL *published last week, H. J. Muller, professor of zoology at Indiana University and one of the foremost American geneticists, told how the USSR Communist Party had sedulously built up the reputation of a geneticist of an ignorant peasant-turned-plant-breeder named Trofim Lysenko. Lysenko's dogmas, which last August were declared the "official" views of the Party, are—according to Professor Muller—superstitions that hark back to ancient times; in many important respects they resemble the Nazi dogmas about the superiority and inferiority of races and classes. Russia's leading bona fide geneticists have been obliged to disavow their criticism of them or have been caused to vanish into oblivion.*

In this article Dr. Muller points out the dangers such politically motivated assaults on science hold for the U. S. and all Western civilization

ABUNDANT evidence is available that the Lysenko superstition is now spreading beyond the boundaries of the USSR. Nowadays one often hears the validity of the discoveries of genetics questioned in our country—and of course particularly in the sections where Communist influence is strong. This is happening not only in the conversation of laymen, but in the columns of supposedly reputable newspapers and magazines. The same thing is true in other non-Communist countries. For example, the British *New Statesman and Nation,* in its issue of September 25, 1948, published a letter in defense of Lysenkoism which represented, from a scientific viewpoint, the depth of illiteracy. Similar discussions have been going on in French journals (*e.g., Les Lettres Françaises*), and in German publications. Yet scientists undertaking to answer the Lysenko myth have had considerable difficulty getting their articles published, even in the USA and Britain.

Naturally the situation is even bleaker in Soviet-dominated countries. In Czechoslovakia, many months before the Communist coup, a Lysenkoist from the USSR was appointed to redirect ideological teachings at Charles University, and Lysenko himself was elected a member of the Czech Academy. The geneticist delegates from Poland, Bulgaria, Hungary, Jugoslavia, and Czechoslovakia to the Stockholm Congress last July felt it necessary, in self-protection, formally to protest the attack on Lysenkoism made by the writer. In the Soviet zone of Germany, Lysenkoist propaganda is being widely disseminated, and German geneticists of high standing who suffered under the Nazis are again under attack. The Soviet Embassy in Venezuela is serving as the distributing center for South America for a Spanish translation of Lysenko's book "Heredity and Its Variability."

What causes the Communist officials to push Lysenkoism so strongly? To me, the answer is obvious: it is the type of mind that sees things as only black and white, yes and no, and so cannot admit the importance of *both* heredity and environment. Believing that it has found the complete answer to all the world's ills, through its particular way of manipulating environment, the Communist Party regards as a menace any concept that does not fit patly into its scheme for mankind. The genes do not fit into that concept, in its opinion, hence the existence of the genes must be denied. So narrowminded are the present leaders of Russia that they do not realize that, by their denial of the existence of genes, they have set up a doctrine according to which the peoples of the world would be saddled, biologically, with the accumulated incubi of their respective past misfortunes, and would therefore be very unequal in inherent capacities.



Because the Communists have organized all their political units, even those in scientific institutions, pyramidally, like an army, they have created conditions inimical to free-thought processes. Such organization places a premium on subservience to those above and on arbitrary domineering over those below. It creates conditions where men rise by intrigue and by denunciation of others, rather than by merit. It is conducive to the amazing campaigns of defamation constantly being conducted against the conscientious workers in scientific institutions by their jealous but less capable Party "comrades."

Another major factor in the Russian attack on scientific inquiry is the perennial existence within the USSR of an emotional state resembling war hysteria, which permits any idea or activity to be damned or glorified merely by describing it as subversive or patriotic. For example, Vavilov was charged with national sabotage because he had conscientiously asserted that it might take five or more years for geneticists to develop certain improved and needed varieties of wheat, while Lysenko promised that, through direct modification of the development of the plants by

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special treatments, followed by the immediate stable inheritance of these developmental changes, he could get as good results in a year and a half. Needless to say, Lysenko has not been able to make good his promise.

YET another deterrent to genetics is the existence of the mystical, pretentious state philosophy (which might better be described as a religion), known as "dialectic materialism." With this young and old are indoctrinated. All scientific work must be conducted and all scientific conclusions reached according to the precepts of this religion, as interpreted by its high priests. In this way the theory of the gene and of Mendelian chromosomal inheritance has been accused of being both "idealistic" and "mechanistic." These two heresies are supposed to be as opposite as the poles, yet both are anathema to the Party creed.

Genetics is by no means the only science that has suffered in the USSR. Psychology was similarly set upon during the Thirties and largely destroyed. The branch of psychology which deals with the testing of aptitudes and abilities, in which considerable progress had been made in the USSR, was the special object of attack. In the field of medicine, certain very poorly supported theories—notably Speransky's theory, which attributes much of disease to the nutritional condition of nerve tissue —have enjoyed official favor to the detriment of more scientific approaches. In physics, the relativity theory narrowly escaped being condemned on dialectic materialist grounds, but adroit political maneuvering by the scientists finally saved it. Even some distinguished astronomers have felt the consequences of the system.

This situation is all the more tragic because in the first decade and a half after the Revolution, public interest in science was great in the USSR; scientists enjoyed a high prestige, and were accorded considerable material support. Freedom of discussion, so essential to scientific development, was permitted in a high degree. In the last fifteen years, however, the politicians have tightened their grip on all phases of Russian life; as they intruded into intellectual activity, they cut off the creative imagination, interfered with communication and criticism and the scrupulous objectivity basic to scientific progress. A similar enfeeblement has of course taken place in the arts.

Although its accomplishments have been great, science as a widespread organized activity is exceedingly young in terms of human history. It is a tender plant, requiring a special soil; its growth is easily checked or destroyed by outside interference. Very few people appreciate its cardinal need: complete freedom of inquiry and of criticism. It is always being menaced by men who wish to inhibit or redirect it at vital points and to destroy its freedom. The conclusions it reaches often have the effect of overthrowing long-accepted dogmas; the established interests which depend on these dogmas are usually much more powerful than the scientists. While it must be left to find its ways, unhampered by interference on the part of those who do not understand it, it must be furnished the material support without which it would have neither personnel nor facilities for work. Yet funds and recruits are not enough if its soul—spontaneous and independent inquiry —has been put into shackles.

When we criticize the Soviet attack on science, let us not, however, neglect the motes in our own eyes, nor the lesson it holds for our own practices. Well within the memory of many of us is the assault on the teaching of evolution in Tennessee, conducted by the Fundamentalists led by the politician William Jennings Bryan. The Scopes trial was only the most publicized of the scandals that resulted. The writer well recalls a session of the Texas legislature at which a preacher by the name of Norris delivered, by special invitation, a fanatical two-hour harangue on the doctrine of biological evolution and its "dangers"—Bolshevism, "nigger-loving," and the anti-Christ. The legislators listened attentively and frequently applauded. No qualified person was allowed to state the case for science. Subsequently the lower house passed a bill forbidding the teaching of evolution in elementary and high schools, and the state textbook commission ordered the removal of all mention of the subject from school textbooks, an order that was rigorously executed.

FORTUNATELY the movement as such has died down, yet its benighted influence is still pervasive. It is doubtful whether, in many regions of this country, there has as yet been any real recovery in the teaching of biology. Thus a basis has been laid for a popular misunderstanding which has prevented research in biological fundamentals from receiving adequate support, has hindered the comprehension of important genetic principles even in medical circles, and may at some future time facilitate the rise of Lysenkoism and other dangerous anti-scientific movements.

Still another potential danger to science lies in the practice of having scientific research supported by private foundations interested in their own ends rather than that of science as a whole, and by public funds administered by groups chosen by politicians or military men. Research has become increasingly expensive, and much of it is now dependent on such sources of funds.

It has been claimed that in the case of public-supported research, democratic procedure demands that at least the head of the administrative board be politically chosen, so that he will be responsible to the people. This is a curious argument. If the people wish, they can just as well leave the guidance of their expenditures for research to persons chosen

—*Wide World.*

"When we criticize the Soviet attack on science, let us not forget . . . the assault on the teaching of evolution" during the Scopes trial in Tennessee, led by the politician William Jennings Bryan (shown with Clarence Darrow, left).

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by trustworthy scientific groups as to persons chosen by unscientific men who were elected to public office primarily to deal with quite different matters. During the recent war the government entered into large contracts with private firms, through which it entrusted them with great sums of public money in return for various industrial and even scientific services. No exception was taken to this practice because the firms were supposed to be expert in their lines. Why should the scientist have less prestige than the businessman and be considered less qualified for handling funds in his own field?

But the gravest present danger to American science stems from the activity of the super-patriots who, on the plea that they are battling totalitarianism and defending democratic freedoms, are themselves attempting to fasten the very evils they warn against upon our own country. The Un-American Activities Committee is only the most glaring illustration of these practices. The hysteria it has helped to foment has already driven many of our better scientists out of their chosen work.

Even in my own field of genetics, which is relatively unconnected with national defense, this hysteria is having unfortunate consequences. For example, last summer one of the foremost and most respected American geneticists was prevented from attending the International Congress of Genetics in Stockholm when the government refused to issue him a passport. The reason given for this was that he had once been a member of "The American Committee to Save Refugees," an organization not on the list of those officially considered subversive. True, the USA prevented only one of its geneticists from attending, while the USSR did not allow any of its citizens to be present. But we cannot take the Soviet Union to task with a quite clear conscience.

When we criticize the shocking treatment accorded scientists in Nazi Germany and which is now being given them in the USSR, we must also exert ourselves to prevent the same thing from happening in our own midst. Otherwise, we shall gravitate back towards that state of stultifying intolerance which from time immemorial has been accepted as normal by barbaric societies.

Political Economy: Basic Text

By Irwin Edman

Free Enterprise

FREE ENTERPRISE, so thinks Big Biz
Is all the enterprise there is.
It's what has made the country great,
Built up the city and the state,
Brought lots of work to banks and tellers,
Made fortunes, say, for Rockefellers,
Raised mobs from poverty's abysm,
By Rugged Individualism—

All this before the aggravation
Of Bureaus and of Regulation,
When pioneers with ploughs and axes
Won the West, unplagued by taxes.

Planned Economy

NOW let us with the Leftist boys
Praise Planned Economy, its joys
Where rail and planes and steel and coal
Are snug in Federal control
And everything's thought out and done
In lovely central Washington,
And all from fisheries to phones
Is stuff the Public runs and owns
And all our work and all our play
Well-ordered by the U.S.A.

Inflation

WITH wages high and prices higher,
Up goes everybody's ire,
And when costs climb to the top.
Buyers petulantly stop,
And then, alas, comes a Recession,
Depressingly, once called Depression.

Economic Scholars

UNLESS (though the provincial hollers)
Our foreign clients pay with dollars,
They cannot buy; we cannot sell—
Comes war, comes revolution—Well,
Clearly there *must* be a plan
By Marshall or some other man.

Law of Supply and Demand

WHEN there are lots of pigs and sheep,
Lamb chops, bacon and ham are cheap,
When these prized animals are few,
And sought by you and you and you.
It is, I think, superbly clear
That ham and chops and roasts are dear.
This, I am certain, is the gist
Of more than one economist.
Meat is cheap where lots of meat is
Sums up more than one well-known treatise.

Banking and Currency

FINANCE I cannot manage to
Make clear to me, much less to yoo.
Hard currency, I think, is fine,
(Would a lot of it were mine!)
For further learning I would thank
The reader to consult his bank
Or Bernard Baruch who's no fool,
Or Babson or the Wharton School.
All these could well expatiate
On time loans or the discount rate,
And give much-needed explanation
Of something called amortization.
For me, it takes all my small talents
To make my modest checkbook balance.

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Fiction. *One of the most remarkable phenomena of the American literary scene since the war has been the belated discovery of the work of the philosopher-novelist-playwright Jean-Paul Sartre. Eight volumes from the pen of the prolific and versatile Frenchman were published this year and last, with still another scheduled for early 1949. Some of these recently-published books were written a dozen years ago. The same pattern seems about to be repeated in the case of Herbert Read, English poet and critic. Read's autobiography, "The Innocent Eye," critically acclaimed when Henry Holt published it last year, was issued in Britain back in 1933; his fantasy, "The Green Child," published this week by New Directions and reviewed below, first appeared in the London bookstalls in 1935. It seems likely that the interest these two books has stirred will lead to the publication of more of Read's work over here.*

An Idea, an Accident, a Fantasy

THE GREEN CHILD. By Herbert Read. New York: New Directions. 1948. 195 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by BEN RAY REDMAN

IT IS regrettable, I think, that readers should be invited to approach this American edition of Mr. Read's fascinating fantasy by way of Kenneth Rexroth's introduction. Mr. Rexroth is an original and interesting poet in his own right, but the encomiums which he heaps upon the delicate body of "The Green Child" are tributes of undisciplined enthusiasm rather than expressions of just critical appreciation, and are calculated, by their range of comparative reference and their unqualified celebration of superlative virtues, to excite expectations that could hardly be satisfied by anything less than a major masterpiece. This is a pity, for, whatever else "The Green Child" may be, it is not of major caliber; and our enjoyment of its seductive qualities is hindered rather than helped when it is cried up as "one of the most sustained products of conscious rapture in our literature," when we are assured that the sheer perfection of its writing will make it hard for us to believe our eyes as we read.

To put it bluntly, this is tall talk. Or shall we call it an example of verbal intoxication? For rapture is a state of mental transport or ecstatic delight, and surely the first and second parts of Mr. Read's story are no products of such a state; nor is the third part, with the possible exception of its closing paragraphs. Again, Mr. Read writes well, and more than that he writes beautifully, with a masterly control of diction, accents, and rhythms which reminds us that one of his many books is devoted to English prose style. But, even so, his accomplishment is not so remarkable as to evoke incredulity.

I have stressed the fact that "The Green Child" is composed of three parts, because its divisions are not merely those of convention or convenience. The story is shaped in the form of a triptych, the panels of which differ from one another in mood, style, and subject, while still contributing harmoniously to the total design and artistic effect. The first panel is provocative, lightly veiled in mystery, subtly exciting, done with deft strokes that arouse curiosity and lead us on. The second is an admirable example of terse, meaningful narration, as brisk and sure in its movements, and as lucid, as the tales of Voltaire. The third is pure fantasy —a plunge into depths that we have only glimpsed before, but towards which we have steadily been moving.

When we first meet Olivero, who was born Oliver, he is returning to England, in 1861, after a thirty years' absence, to revisit the scenes of his boyhood, trace the paths his youthful feet once followed, and, if possible, learn the explanation of the "green children" who had appeared in his village shortly after he took leave of it—"two children, apparently about four years old, who could not speak any known language, or explain their origin . . . who were lightly clothed in a green weblike material of obscure manufacture," and "further distinguished by the extraordinary quality of their flesh, which was of a green semi-translucent texture, perhaps more like the flesh of a cactus plant than anything else, but of course much more delicate and sensitive." Walking by night, along the baffling course of a stream which flows in a direction precisely opposite to the direction he remembers, Olivero finds himself suddenly involved in scenes of mystery and violence,

THE AUTHOR: Herbert Read, called by Graham Greene a "rather dry, sophisticated critic," calls himself an "anarchist, romanticist, and agnostic." But, he reflects, "I am glad that I was born soon enough to be brought up on the Bible." He spent his first nine years, from 1893 on, in sight of Yorkshire's moors and wolds. The Read farmhouse had flagstone floors and beamed ceilings, from which hung sides of bacon, and the governess-taught lad was initiated in the hunt by the traditional rite of blooding his face with a severed fox head. At eleven, his father dead, he went to an orphanage. At fifteen, he was a £20-a-year bank clerk—a "true-blue Tory"—with a shilling's allowance a week to buy books. Inspired by Tennyson, he began writing daily poems, then learned French, German, and Italian to read classics in the original. He paid for publication of his first book of verse, of which twenty-two copies were sold. He ordered the rest pulped. War broke out. He was drafted from the University of Leeds, commissioned a captain in the Yorkshire Regiment, served four years, received the DSO and Military Cross. After the Armistice he was for three years assistant to His Majesty's Treasury. "The business of coordinating details never seemed irksome for me," he says. Nightly from 10:00 until 12:00, inasmuch as "a routine occupation imposes a rhythm on life," he continued the critical essays he'd begun with T. E. Hulme as subject, and wrote more poetry. "The Green Child," his only novel, owes its English publication in 1935 "to an unexpected break in routine." Untrained when he joined the Victoria and Albert Museum's ceramics department, he soon became art historian, critic, and teacher (Edinburgh and Liverpool universities and Trinity College, Cambridge). By 1946 he was a publisher. He has been married twice, says, "All other sensuous experiences are as nothing to the perception of poetic beauty."

—R. G.

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which have the Green Child—the girl survivor of the pair—as their central figure. He frees her from the tyranny under which she has suffered, and with her makes his way to the stream's beginning—or its end?—a round, silvery pool, into which they sink together, hand in hand, beneath the surface of the waters.

Next we listen to the story of Olivero's life, which he told to the Green Child as they rested on their journey across the moors. And a most remarkable tale it is, largely concerned with Olivero's quarter-century as the benevolent dictator of the little South American country of Roncador; with the theories, reforms, innovations, and successes of an ex-schoolmaster who had once carried Plato's "Republic" in his pocket, and who learns that "there is no joy comparable to the joy of government, especially in circumstances of virgin chaos."

Finally, we follow Olivero—and the girl who was known above ground as Sally—down through the silvery waters, and into the vast, branching grottos of the green world, where the Green Child is restored to her own people, her native language, and her native customs; where Olivero encounters and accepts a way of life, and a philosophy of dying and of living, that have no counterpart on earth.

When we finish our journey, we know that we have enjoyed it keenly, in the company of a lively imagination, a stimulating mind, and an excellent writer. We have glimpsed beauty and wisdom, seen visions and dreamed dreams. We have been entertained and entranced by turns. But what is it, exactly, that we have read? An allegory? This is what Mr. Read and his publishers call it; while Mr. Rexroth, reminding us that the mysteries of Eleusis are still mysterious, calls it both allegory and myth, and, refusing to explain its precise meaning, declares: "All myth, all deep insight, means the same as and no more than the falling of the solar system on its long parabola through space."

This is all very well. But the fact is that most allegories—and all successful, famous ones—are capable of more exact, more consistent interpretation than is "The Green Child." Allegory there is, but only in bits and fragments. Olivero's experience in Roncador teaches him and us that a contented people and their ruler grow morally flaccid when there "is no resistance in facts, no tension in circumstance." When Olivero kills Kneeshaw, he is striking at "the evil destructive instinct which lurks beneath the civilized conventions of society." When Mr. Read describes the crystal art of the green world, he is allegorically expressing a theory of the relationship of artist and nature. The three ledges on which the green folk live, and the ultimate state of solitary contemplation, are modeled on familiar patterns. And there is Taoistic tranquillity in the caverns where the sages contemplate their crystals in solitude.

But these fragments do not add up to an allegorical whole; nor is the green world an imaginative projection of the kind of society to whose realization Mr. Read has devoted so much argument and talent. So I am content to call "The Green Child" a fantasy, a delightful fantasy, and one in which Mr. Read has successfully and beautifully realized his ambition of writing a certain type of book—a type which he tells us elsewhere he "would most like to imitate." Of this kind of tale he himself declares: "Such writings are not constructive art forms: they have neither the organization of the novel nor the simple unity of the short story. They are rather projections of an idea, of an incident, of a fantasy; intellectually conceived, but exhibiting the fresh texture of a personal style and the brightness of a concrete imagination."

Droll Europeans

SWEET AND SOUR. By Joseph Wechsberg. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1948. 268 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by ROBERT PICK

AS MR. WECHSBERG goes on turning out his stories with a deceptively nimble pen, it becomes clear that he is at his best—and this, mind you, means that he is very good indeed—in portraying the world of his boyhood and student days, a world that is as dead as Pompeii today. The Hitlerian ravages have left few traces of that society of "emancipated" German-speaking middle-class Jews who lived, betwixt Czechs and Sudeten Germans, in the old Bohemian and Moravian towns. In recreating this society, gone forever, Mr. Wechsberg's art occasionally reaches the level of Sholem Aleichem.

Take Uncle Bruno, a paper salesman who hated paper and, music being his true vocation, "belonged to the sub-species of chamber-music addicts who are almost as bad as bridge or marijuana fiends"; he gets himself into trouble by playing Haydn's "Emperor" Quartet, which consists of variations on the Hapsburg anthem and was considered seditious in Czechoslovakia—and extricates himself by a trick few paper salesmen would be able to think of, let alone accomplish, anywhere else in the world. Or take that irrepressible believer in mankind, Uncle Absolon, who gives the *Zeitgeist* its due by arranging, together with his Gentile friends, a sham pogrom. These are figures representative in their small way—and is there any other in story-telling?—of a society, of a way of life, of human attitudes.

They are in no wise less amusing than the characters of Mr. Wechsberg's Paris and Riviera tales, those eccentric musicians, coffeehouse habitués, music fans, tourists, and ladies of varying degrees of virtue, of whom there seems to be no end in his memories, and whose eccentricities sometimes reduce them to the stature of Hollywood character actors invariably cast in the same rôle. In fact, some of these impoverished, elderly musicians keep on reminding me of that excellent actor, Felix Bressart, whom Hollywood has so stereotyped and so miserably degraded.

Not that I didn't enjoy thoroughly the story of the Monegascan pharmacist, whose infatuation with *bel canto* becomes his undoing, or the yarn about the wolfish pianist who is taught a lesson by a riotous pack of *midinettes* on Saint Catherine's Day, or the love tale of Barcelona, the Spanish accordion player who can perform only when lying on his back. Still, I wonder whether, in presenting these droll Europeans with so much pointedness, Mr. Wechsberg isn't about to become the victim of his devotees. He would not be the first one.

That his gifts go beyond the punctual fulfilment of their expectations is proved, apart from his boyhood reminiscences, by a brilliant piece of reportage on a descendant of Antonio Stradivari, which remains just on this side of the deliberately funny and just on this side of the sentimental. And the "Epilogue" to his present volume, a sketchy account of his return in American uniform to one of his old Paris hangouts, foregoing as it does any slightest touch of condescension toward its characters and giving full rein to the author's love of them, is a gem that future anthologists of Resistance stories should keep in mind.

So why cavil? A humorist of Mr. Wechsberg's talent isn't born every day, and at least one of his admirers wants him to make the most of it all the time.

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War-Torn Twins

KISSING KIN. By Elswyth Thane. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 1948. 374 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by PAMELA TAYLOR

OFFSHOOTS of the same charming Williamsburg family which peopled her first novel of this series, "Dawn's Early Light," appear in this, the fifth and most modern of the lot. "Kissing Kin" covers an ambitiously large canvas. At its outset the attractive Scott twins, Calvert and Camilla, have dashed down from Richmond to Williamsburg to get a little moral support from their understanding Aunt Sue. For it is 1917, and though they expect opposition from their mother, Calvert fully intends to join up in Canada, while his adoring twin hopes to be a nurse if possible.

Once successfully abroad, Camilla is introduced to all the English connections, for Cousin Virginia Murray has married a most attractive Britisher, Archie Campion, and Camilla's first English Christmas is spent at their country place, Farthingale. Here she meets Cousin Phoebe, back from nursing to marry Oliver, Archie's brother; Cousin Sally, who, still beautiful at seventy-three, has had three husbands and trails an atmosphere of vague scandal; and Sosthene, the charming Frenchman, Cousin Sally's younger and unexplained companion who has come with her from the Continent to take refuge in England.

Also in the party for Christmas, among others, are the Earl of Apethorpe's only child, Jenny, and Raymond, the young American who has saved Calvert's life under fire and has himself been badly wounded. Calvert is still too critically ill to be moved, so the family unites in an effort to express to Raymond their gratitude and appreciation. In the process they become very fond of the simply born but essentially fine young man. The ties of emotion, friendship, and love which are formed, some tenuously, some with strength which lasts a lifetime, at this Christmas house party, are followed through the ensuing years, threading back and forth across the Atlantic as life resumes its old patterns after the war, and Calvert goes back to Richmond to die.

Camilla's painful struggle to fill the terrible void which Calvert's untimely death has left, and the equally disturbing pull of her hopeless love for Sosthene, lead her restlessly from the Continent to England and back during the gay Twenties. Meantime Raymond, who had been shot down in flames over German-occupied territory and unheard of for years, reappears in Jenny's life. There are many happy solutions as the book ends, ends in Salzburg of 1934, with the shadow of the Nazis falling, menacingly, across Europe, and another war already being spoken of as a possibility.

Bradford Bachrach.

"Elswyth Thane's ability to project an elaborate family life . . . outstrips her success in bringing [it] to life."

"Frances Parkinson Keyes's novel reads like something just remote enough to be technically dated."

Miss Thane's ability to project an elaborate family life and to keep her reader *au courant* with the interrelationships and fortunes of a large cast of characters, all connected either by blood or the circumstances of their lives, outstrips her success in bringing her individuals to life. And despite a carefully correct background of political events and meticulously informed description of Air Force action in World War I she also lacks ingenuity in recreating her period as Ellen Berlin, for instance, does so cleverly in "Lace Curtain" by means of a tag of slang, the words of a popular song, or some half-forgotten fad.

Haut Monde Murder

DINNER AT ANTOINE'S. By Frances Parkinson Keyes. New York: Julian Messner, Inc. 1948. 422 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by
CATHERINE MEREDITH BROWN

MRS. KEYES'S latest novel reads like something just remote enough to be technically dated. From the rather frightening cast of characters, with their names of undreamed splendor, through each chapter headed "How Such-and-such did thus-and-thus to So-and-so," straight to the moment of final resolution, the taint of the ten, twenty, thirty lies heavy over all. That rather persistent melody we hear can be nothing but spiritual sneak music.

Against the rich atmosphere of present-day New Orleans Mrs. Keyes places her mystery. In the course of a week's time a murder has been committed, solved, and the right boy has gotten the right girl. The finger points fairly definitely to the culprit, but it takes endurance to get at the motive. Undeniably, there is suspense involved though it is loose, leisurely, and diffuse.

The scene unfolds in a private dining room at that fabulous restaurant Antoine's. Here Orson Foxworth is host, introducing his niece to the good life, and he does a fine job. Lush wines, flaming foods, gleaming napery, and shimmering satin gowns are in order. Only Leonce St. Amant's bride, Odile, is unhappy. Suffering from an increasing and incurable paralysis, she wishes to go home, is accused of spoiling the party, spills red wine over her white dress, and thereby establishes a symbol. The next night she is found dead in her room with a suicide note and a gun beside her. The police discount the note as forgery and set to work to find the murderer.

There is a generous quorum of suspects, with sufficient reason for suspicion behind each case. No more must be said except that seldom has such a group of unpleasant people been assembled. Everyone sneers at everyone else, and each claims the *haut monde* as his or her own province. At one point, prosperous Foxworth, accused of being no gentleman, is driven to this, "My dear, I won't try to argue with you about my social position. . . . However, I do know several presidents and premiers well enough to call them by their first names." Throttlebottom crying in the wilderness.

When the best-seller list is made up and the screen blazes this latest hit, not Antoine's oysters Rockefeller but the current and capacious crow may be my dish. It's anybody's guess.

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Core of Battle

TOWARD AN UNKNOWN STATION. By Allan Lyon. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1948. 286 pp. $3.

Reviewed by ALEXANDER KLEIN

ALLAN LYON'S semi-factual dramatized account of a few crucial weeks in the life of an infantry platoon in the ETO in the winter of 1944 might have been an important book. Bare of ornament, subservient neither to plot nor theme, patently honest in intention, it attempts to present the stripped core of battle experience. To millions this could have supplied the still missing link between headlines and combat reports and the events they so inadequately mirrored. The book might also have been a revelatory spiritual document.

But, although occasional scenes remain vividly in the mind—notably one depicting a meeting between battle-weary troops and merely Army-weary GI's, and another of men, temporarily out of the fight, watching their comrades fall dead comically in puppet battle—and although some sense of the Kafkaesque orgy of battle-operations errors is gradually made palpable to the reader, the book as a whole fails to achieve its purpose. Unfortunately it takes more than a truthful, detailed, documented report to achieve emotional impact; it takes selectivity, focus, drive, a keen level of insight, and technical ability. All these are largely lacking in "Toward an Unknown Station."

Mr. Lyon is at his best when reporting the elemental facts of men reduced to a primitive level, retaining only the dignity of animals—and that tarnished by civilization. The most heroic character in the book is incidental to the main narrative: a Polish slave-worker who is also the simplest, least "civilized" of all, lacking even the rudimentary three R's of the most ignorant GI, and almost as free of the accoutrements of our industrial age as a feudal serf. Compared to her, Rusty, a red-bearded sergeant, the only GI with real guts in the entire volume, is simply a successful machine-made product. Rusty dies in battle, but the Polish woman carries on stolidly.

Practically every GI in the book pays lip-service to the doctrine that only the idiotic are willing to be heroes and that the only sensible course is to be a shirker and get away with it. But, as on the home front, only a very few live up to their expressed ideals. In several respects, however, Mr. Lyon's GI's differ from the standard model. They do not speak at length of their homes, wives, children, and girl friends. In fact they hardly think about them, because they are too tired, too miserable, too frightened, too preoccupied with the innumerable details of the impossible present. And you will search in vain for the usual sexual episodes; in that respect the author has undoubtedly made a one-man revolution. His only concession to the convention is some bits of rather tame dialogue.

The volume has the merits of simplicity. Embedded in the narrative are occasional naive, fresh paragraphs in which the discerning will discover a child's truthful, if inadvertent, parables for our time. And anyone who wants to know how GI's felt, talked, suffered, will find the record here. It is a minor section in what is already a majority report.

Fiction Notes

THE MOON IS MINE, by Arthemise Goertz. Whittlesey House. $3. Something more from the subway circuit. This time the tree flourishes in Astoria, but it casts the familiar shade. An overcrowded house, replete with indigent relatives, drives the working girl to escape life's pressures in the usual way. A rich playboy comes across with the emerald-cut diamond, but it's the boy on the block who finally supplies the moon.

The horror of the underprivileged facing life, death, and endless toil is relieved, in this case, by Pop. Erstwhile spear-carrier, dabbler in any job that allows him gaudy uniforms, he remains gay and loving and hopeful to the last. He is Miss Goertz's welcome contribution to an otherwise bleary roster of unavoidably frustrated souls.

* * *

KATHERINE AND THE DARK ANGEL, by Mary Reiser. Dodd, Mead. $2.75. Miss Reisner has attempted to deal with fears, their causes and their cures. Her study is superficial, lacking in motive and conviction. A little less obvious touch might have pushed this slight novel into the melodramatic. It is exciting to get at the truth, but the search should have suspense.

Beautiful, frightened Katherine Lee, entirely dependent on her evil cousin, meets and falls in love with an English writer in sunny Italy. Katherine has by sudden death lost two men she loved. Fearful of further entanglements, she still cannot resist her newfound passion. The lovers flee to Venice, facing the fact that he has been falsely accused but fairly acquitted of his former wife's murder.

Knowledge sets the pair free forever. They can settle down to conquering their individual neuroses together.

A nice feeling for Italy only succeeds in slowing the story and the merest swatches of characterization make us impatient for a fuller picture. Miss Reisner has unfortunately coated her nightmare with sunshine.

* * *

THE MOVING STAIRS, by Paul Pickrel. Harper. $2.50. Mr. Pickrel herewith presents a token of his affection for the decent, often ineptly termed "little people" of this earth. With quick, observant strokes against a typical small-town background, he creates rounded characters. Some are moral, others have strayed, still others have been proven false, but a fundamental innocence pervades their lives. Their unrealized dreams persist. Young Pat renounces art for love; her perennially lax mother marries her lates "Gentleman Caller"; Grampa grows old, while the seasons pass and nothing really changes. Simplicity, humor, and a refreshing tenderness mark these pages.

* * *

THE TREE WITHIN, by I. V. Morris. Doubleday. $3. In the case of Jacques Leroy the inner man is pretty deeply imbedded. A pulsating Frenchman, aware of catastrophe from the Munich moment on, he cannot bring himself to act until after his wife and three of his four children have been bombed, and he has accidentally become involved in the Resistance. He finds courage in participation and a lasting single-mindedness through suffering literally untold rigors in prison camp.

Several affairs and a loving look at the peasant as well as the Parisian supply a Gallic flavor. But there is an emotional remoteness and a strangely static approach to events that denies the obligatory excitement. Suspense is in order for this individual as well as for his beloved country.

—CATHERINE MEREDITH BROWN.

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The World.

A year ago the now-defunct magazine '47 asked Albert Einstein to name some books which would help laymen understand the subject of atomic energy and its implications for the human race. He suggested five titles: "Exploring the Atom" by Selig Hecht, "Hiroshima" by John Hersey, "Peace or Anarchy" by Cord Meyer, Jr., "The Anatomy of Peace" by Emery Reves, and "In the Name of Sanity" by Raymond Swing. This week we review a book which seems to merit a place on the same shelf: David Bradley's "No Place to Hide" by its vivid report of the 1946 atomic bomb tests at Bikini underscores the contemporary crisis. Winfield's "China: The Land and the People" and Visson's "As Others See Us" (both reviewed below) should help illuminate some of the problems the bomb has raised for Americans.

Bikini's Real Story

NO PLACE TO HIDE. By David Bradley. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1948. 182 pp. $2.

Reviewed by NORMAN COUSINS

THERE is no law to compel anyone to read this book. But one thing is certain: If you do, you will have a missionary fervor about it and will try to badger everyone you know into reading it. It is that kind of book. It is simply, effectively, occasionally beautifully, written. It is a short book—you can read it at a single sitting—and in addition to coming away with a thoroughly satisfying reading experience, you have the feeling that you have filled in an important gap in your atomic-age education. What more could anyone expect of a book?

As I read this, I know it sounds like a jacket blurb; but there is no point in writing a restrained review when you have something really worth getting excited about. This book is the story of Bikini—told as it has not been told before in the official reports or in the dispatches of the correspondents and observers and broadcasters. For the biggest part of the Bikini story developed long after the two explosions, long after the press ship had turned around to go home, long after the brilliant night skyline of colored lights from Operation Crossroads had become a graveyard for dead and diseased warships. The real story was not the spectacle but the aftermath, and David Bradley, a former newspaperman turned doctor who was assigned to the Radiological Safety Section of the Bikini tests, was one of those whose job it was to stay behind in the months after the explosions to study the effects and collect information on a subject which is as important to man but as mysterious as the discovery of fire thousands of years ago.

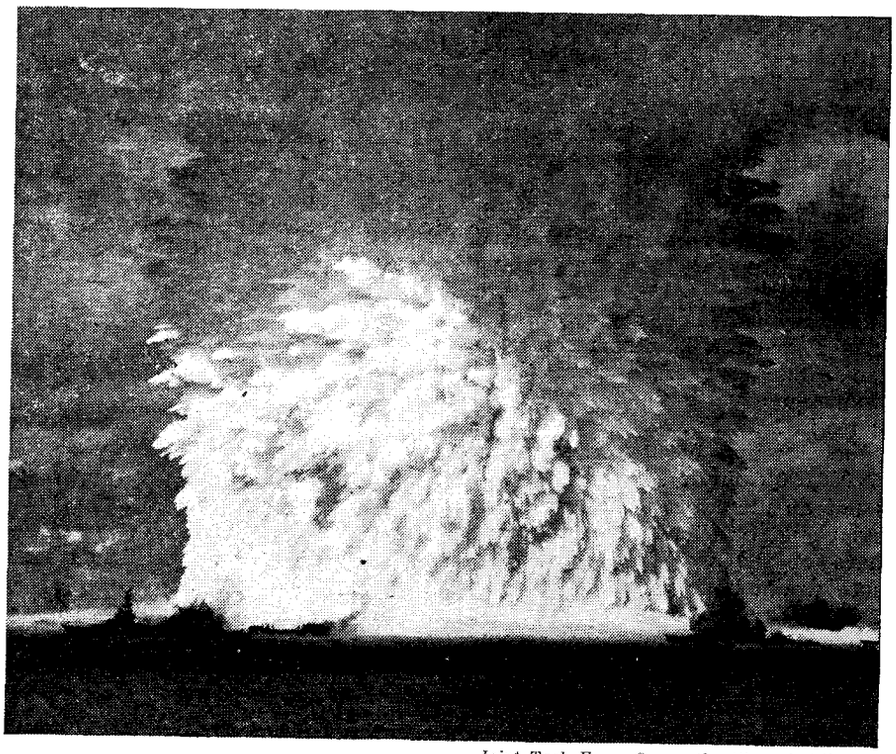
Bradley kept a diary during those months and has drawn from it in dramatizing the highlights of his Bikini trip. The tests themselves, while vividly described, are actually only incidental to the major theme of the book, which is that the principal danger of atomic warfare is represented not by the blast and the heat (estimated at the split second of detonation to be greater by far than the temperature of the sun), but by the strong and unmanageable force of radioactivity. He makes clearer, or at least more vivid, than anyone else has yet done, the vast problem of radioactivity, pointing out that while the presence of Geigers emitted by a uranium bomb can be measured by a counter, the fissioned products of a plutonium bomb are largely unmeasurable—except, of course, through the presence of casualties. And while the military viewed the Bikini tests almost entirely in terms of Naval problems, Bradley kept thinking about atomic warfare as it most likely would be used—against populations.

> At least at this time we do know that Bikini is not some faraway little atoll pin-pointed on an out-of-the-way chart. Bikini is San Francisco Bay, Puget Sound, East River. It is the Thames, the Adriatic, Hellespont, and misty Baikal. It isn't just King Juda and his displaced native subjects about whom we have to think—or to forget.

At a time when the world has virtually accepted the inevitability of another war, and when defense commissions in the United States are devising elaborate plans to "reduce vulnerability" through new techniques and programs for coordinated community action in the event of war, Bradley states flatly, as other atomic scientists have done, that there is no defense against atomic attack.

No defense, that is, except getting rid of war itself. For, as Bradley says:

> There are no satisfactory countermeasures [against the bomb] and methods of decontamination. There are no satisfactory medical or sanitary safeguards for the people of atomized areas. The devastating influence of the bomb and its unborn relatives may affect the land and its wealth—and there-



—Joint Task Force One & the Wm. H. Wise Co.

Operation Crossroads—". . . graveyard for dead and diseased warships."

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fore its people—for centuries through the persistence of radioactivity.

* * *

This has nothing to do with the book, but so long as we are on the subject of Bikini, I should like to unburden myself of a question that has been perplexing me since the first test. At Bikini, in observing the pattern of scorch markings on the ship, it seemed apparent to me that the bomb had missed its target by several hundred yards. After spending millions of dollars and untold effort to stage a scientific test, the Navy subjected the actual dropping of the bomb to the established uncertainties of high-altitude bombing, with the consequent miss, thus negating substantially the scientific value of the first test. Why the bomb was not detonated from a tower erected on one of the ships is the million-dollar mystery of Bikini. It is difficult to believe that the Air Force was assigned the task solely because it wanted to get in on the act.

$130 per Annum for 650,000,000

CHINA: THE LAND AND THE PEOPLE. By Gerald F. Winfield. New York: William Sloane Assoc. 1948. 437 *pp.* $5.

Reviewed by STUART LILLICO

AMERICANS who are sure that there is nothing wrong with China that a billion dollars and a few divisions of Marines can't cure—and, conversely, those who expect a victorious Communist regime to set things right—will do well to read carefully Dr. Gerald F. Winfield's remarkable new book. "China: The Land and the People" is guaranteed to shake the convictions of even the most plausible commentator.

Dr. Winfield bases his work on an unusual background. As a research biologist he spent the years from 1932 to 1945 in close association with China's farmers and workers. His experience—and the profound respect for the humblest Chinese which it generated—gives his writing an authenticity that is unique. Dr. Winfield knows that the situation in China today is desperate and he explains why But at the conclusion he assures us that it is not hopeless, that China can be saved if all parties turn to with the utmost good will, intelligence, and perserverance. (He adds the warning that if China is "lost," America's own democracy may not survive.)

As a goal for Chinese reconstruction, Winfield suggests a total national production equal to that of the United States in 1929 (that is, average individual incomes of $130 a year for 650,000,000 Chinese). He believes this is not an unreasonable figure; much less would be short of an equitable share of the world's goods, , while more would be beyond the capacity of China's natural resources. Then he summarizes what China must accomplish to reach that level:

1. Crop per acre must be at least doubled.
2. Production per farmer must be quadrupled, and half the agricultural manpower must be shifted to other productive activity.
3. Fisheries must be vastly expanded.
4. Mineral output must be increased ten to 1,000 times.
5. Transportation facilities must be multiplied.
6. Industrial output must be increased hundreds of times over, and millions of men put to work.
7. There must be a great increase of modern personal-service specialists (doctors, nurses, teachers, research workers, writers, lawyers, etc.).
8. An economic system capable of providing security during the incredibly involved transition period must be devised and established.

As a sample of the complications of this program, Dr. Winfield starts with the problem of improving village sanitation—as basic and humane an objective as one can imagine. But this simple ambition is dependent in the end on China's exploiting its hydroelectric resources on the grand scale envisaged by the Yangtze dam project.

Farming efficiency cannot be increased unless half the farmers are shooed off the land so the other half can cultivate farms twice as big as the present average. But the displaced half must have new work, which can be created only by establishing great industries and new professions for them. And even such a gigantic shift of population as this would be of no avail if the birth rate were left untouched. So Winfield advocates an energetic program of birth-control education before any serious effort is made to improve sanitation, check epidemics, or save lives wholesale.

But, he points out, it is senseless to expect the Chinese to abandon their present system of old-age security (*e. g.,* begetting sons) until there is a satisfactory substitute, which can come only from a state pension or an adequate banking system. And so on. The whole problem is awe-inspiring in its complexity.

Although "China: The Land and the People" is not much concerned with contemporary politics, Dr. Winfield says unequivocally that the Chinese Communists have even less chance of solving China's basic troubles than the much-maligned Nationalists have. The Red program, based on rigid Marxist dogma, is directed at the symptoms of the nation's poverty, not the causes, he feels. For example, further reduction of farm sizes (inherent in the Communist land-division policy) only makes agriculture less efficient and reduces the chances of anyone's making an adequate living out of the soil.

> Ultimately [Dr. Winfield concludes] judgment as to whether Communism could rebuild China and raise the standard of life of the people must be based on an estimate of the relative effectiveness of Communism as a system for solving basic human problems. There can be no doubt that it represents a force that will deeply influence the course of events in China for many decades to come. But the facts of China and of her needs are inescapable, and, in spite of Communism's reported successes in parts of China for limited periods of time, they form an untenable basis for believing that her problems can be solved by a doctrine which claims class conflict as a dogma and has shown an invariable predilection for totalitarian methods.

Somewhat hesitatingly, the author maintains that the Nationalists, for all their faults, haven't such a bad record. And he adds that they are far better equipped than the Reds to do something concrete about those bewilderingly complex problems that bedevil China. Since Dr. Winfield is now director of United Service to China and secretary of the Associated Boards for Christian Colleges in China, both influential and articulate agencies, we may expect to hear more of this viewpoint.

Stuart Lillico, a member of the staff of The Baltimore Sun, *spent several years before and during the war as a correspondent in China and Japan.*

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Nobody Understands Us

AS OTHERS SEE US. By André Visson. New York: Doubleday & Co. 1948. 252 pp. $3.

Reviewed by ASHER BRYNES

THE people of the Marshall Plan nations don't know why we are giving them so much. They keep guessing about it in a more or less ludicrous way because, as Mr. Visson remarks, they have never done anything like that themselves although their political experience is far more varied and extensive than ours. They have never given anything away. Consequently, their historic traditions indicate that we must be paying them to fight for us. If that be true they also wonder, quite reasonably, why we are giving them so little.

We claim, on the other hand, that we are motivated by a new principle. —the principle of enlightened good will. We cannot understand why the Europeans must insist on confusing it with enlightened selfishness. We mean precisely what we say. The Marshall Plan is an international demonstration of our most important rule for living a peaceful and productive life. We think, therefore, that our European aid program is logically consistent, morally sincere, and—assuming they are willing to work with us —physically adequate.

— *Justus in the* Minneapolis Star-Journal.

"Whose Bread I Eat, His Song I Sing."

The problem is extremely complex; it is difficult even to formulate it fairly. Unfortunately Mr. Visson complicates it still further by trying to oversimplify the subject. He adds error to confusion. The first question to be answered is, who are the Europeans? Some are bound to be hostile to us no matter what we do; that is the profession, so to speak, of the Communists and nationalists among them, and these add up to a substantial minority. They agree only in their opposition to European trade unionists, who are predominantly Socialistic. But—and here is the big question—do the Socialist masses like us any better? Suppose they all agree to hate the United States? That would be one way of unifying Europe.

What we need, and Mr. Visson has hardly attempted it, is an analysis of the nature of effective public opinion in Western Europe. If you read many European magazines and newspapers you may get the idea that European intellectuals create it. Mr. Visson exhibits their utterances as proof. Americans will be shocked to hear that some names they are familiar with, such as Laski and Sartre—and some that they haven't heard of yet, such as Soupault and Duhamel—show a tendency to argue deductively, thus: since Communism and Americanism are squarely opposed, the one is merely an inversion of the other; hence both are equally hostile to the human spirit, which is a treasure particularly given to the guardianship of European intellectuals. They have been watching over it sleeplessly since the Renaissance and even —wait a minute—before the Renaissance, when they kept the light of learning alive in the monasteries.

This primary naivete makes it easy for Mr. Visson to write in such a simple strain that one cannot say for sure whether he has read Julien Benda's book, "The Treason of the Intellectuals" or picked up the notion of it at second hand, notwithstanding the fact that without Benda's idea before him this performance would have been impossible. A single instance of his homely method will be sufficient. At one point he seeks to illustrate the lure of humanistic tradition (Europe) as against materialistic prudence (America) by comparing the former to "an aging and tired but still charming mistress" and the latter to "a healthy, wealthy, dynamic young woman." The Latin American, he says, "cannot help wondering whether he will ever be as happy with his American wife as he was with that facinating European woman!"

Mr. Visson should know the difference, in "intellectual" circles, between a mistress and a wife. A mistress is a woman whom one supports while a wife is a woman by whom one is supported. And now let us ask the real question that has been bothering us all along. Are we properly married to the Europeans under the Marshall Plan, or are we living with them in sin?

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

CIVIL WAR VETERANS

David Bernstein, of Ely, Minn., offers a list of Civil War veterans and their postwar activities. Allowing five points for each one you can name and another five for the author who created him, a score of sixty is par, seventy is very good, and eighty or better is excellent. Answers on page 31.

1. Wounded at the battle of Seccessionville, he spent the next twenty years living on the charity of a Charleston pharmacist until he perished in a fire set by his host.
2. This slightly addled old Union veteran, some forty years after the end of hostilities, shot and wounded a policeman, declaring him to be a deserter from Meade's army.
3. After four years with the Confederacy, he returned to farming on his island of pine in the heart of the Florida scrub country.
4. Without revealing his background, this ex-Union soldier worked on the farm of and courted the daughter of a rabid Confederate sympathizer.
5. This Virginia colonel planned to revive the Confederacy in the year 1898 by attacking the U.S. Post Office in a small Georgia town with a force consisting of a small boy and an aged Negro servant.
6. Although he was a surgeon with an Iowa regiment all during the conflict, he became a preacher afterwards.
7. Driven by his relentless wife, this ex-Confederate soldier unwillingly went into the lumber business in postwar Atlanta.
8. This Union general returned safely from the war to his New England home only to be poisoned by his wife.
9. Following the war, this Confederate officer went West and became a rancher, climaxing his career by leading a mob that lynched three innocent men.
10. Deserting from the Union Army after Appomattox, this private made his way to Florida, bestowed upon himself the title of general, and founded a bank which lasted until the crash of the Flordia boom in the 1920's.

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Nature. *Most of the classic works on nature were written by men who lived within strolling distance of the open country. Gilbert White stole time from his duties as a rustic British curate to write his "Natural History and Antiquities of Selborne," Richard Jeffries sang of his native countryside in his "Wood Magic," Henry Thoreau found near rural Concord the material for "Walden," while John Burroughs was raising fruit when he wrote "Winter Sunshine." Today, most Americans find their horizons circumscribed by sidewalks, but their esteem for nature is as high as ever. The authors of the books reviewed below, like most of their contemporaries, are citymen; yet they perpetuate an old tradition in recapturing with pen and camera the charm of woods and water for the delight of others less articulate but as appreciative*

Masterpieces of Nature

BIRDS OVER AMERICA. By Roger Tory Peterson. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1948. 342 *pp.* $6.

FLIGHT INTO SUNSHINE. By Helen G. Cruickshank. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1948. 132 *pp.* $5.

DAYS WITHOUT TIME: Adventures of a Naturalist. By Edwin Way Teale. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1948. 283 *pp.* $6.

Reviewed by LOUIS J. HALLE, JR.

I WAS reminded, when I began "Birds over America," of Melville's opening to "Moby Dick." He refers to "the crowds of water-gazers" generally to be found at the Battery, in "your insular city of the Manhattoes," and proceeds with a series of Melvillian questions regarding the attraction that water exercises on the human mind. He suggests the answers by reference to himself: "Whenever I find myself growing grim about the mouth; whenever it is a damp, drizzly November in my soul . . . , whenever I begin to grow hazy about the eyes, and begin to be over-conscious of my lungs"—in such circumstances his habit is to go to sea. Peterson begins by referring to the growing crowds of bird-watchers to be found about our countryside and proceeds to ask similar questions regarding the attraction of birds. He finds bird-watching a hobby that "takes hold when life has settled down to the civilized complexities. The appeal of birds seems to be greater the more life is restrained." For himself: "The birds, which started as an escape from the unreal, bridged the gap to reality and became a key whereby I might unlock eternal things." The water-gazers and bird-watchers are, I think, one brotherhood.

Anybody but Peterson might well have pointed out a practical reason for the extent to which this hobby has recently spread in America. Not much over a generation ago it was necessary to shoot birds in order to identify them. The development of binoculars and handbooks relieved this situation; but what the handbooks offered was still likely to be information regarding the coloring of the inner web of the outer rectrices of the species to be identified—if it would come to the hand and submit itself to such identification. Then Peterson arrived with his "Field Guides to the Birds," and out of darkness came light. It has been truly said that the indispensable tools of the bird-watcher in this country are binoculars and a "Peterson."

I would have thought Peterson quite unqualified to write such a book as "Birds Over America." The hobby that is its subject is, for him, the profession in which he labors. How can he talk of it as an escape when it is the whole of his daily fare?—or share in such abundance the enthusiasm felt by those of us who know it only on holidays? The charm of this book is that, in spite of reason, it combines the knowledge and experience of the professional with the innocence and fresh delight of the amateur. The explanation must be that, when a man is obsessed with a truly great love, "age cannot wither her, nor custom stale her infinite variety." (At this point, because space is limited, I must resist a strong temptation to play Enobarbus to Peterson's Antony.)

Bird-watchers all over the country should get a special satisfaction from this book because it relates the adventures of their own souls among the masterpieces of nature. It has chapters describing "The Lure of the List" and "The Big Day," which represent bird-watching in one of its infinite varieties, as a competitive sport. Others, like "Billions of Birds" and "Long After Columbus," represent it as an intellectual pursuit. Others ("Peregrine of the Blood Royal," "Sand and Tide") deal with particular features. It is evident that, during the twenty-five years in which he has been enjoying his love, Peterson has been steadily accumulating things to say about her, which accounts for the exuberance of knowledge that fills these pages. Over a hundred of the best photographs he has taken in this period accompany it and, I think, establish him as one of our top bird-photographers, perhaps second only to Cruickshank.

* * *

ALLAN CRUICKSHANK'S photographs of Florida birds illustrate his wife's account of their taking in "Flight Into Sunshine." The best of them had already been skimmed for his "Wings in the Wilderness," in which the format showed them to better advantage. The second best, however, is very good indeed. Mrs. Cruickshank's writing, in this as in her "Bird Islands Down East," is human and enthusiastic. Joseph Hickey is quoted by Peterson as saying that some regard bird-watching "as a mild paralysis of the central nervous system, which can be cured only by rising at dawn and sitting in a bog." The text of "Flight Into Sunshine" tells all about the bogsitting that went into the making of the photographs.

* * *

MR. TEALE in "Days Without Time" pursues the even tenor of his career as nature writer and photographer—one of our most popular and prolific. The book shares its subtitle, "Adventures of a Naturalist," with its predecessor, "The Lost Woods." One might have suggested "A Naturalist's Miscellany" to describe it; but then, the miscellany of any naturalist consists mostly of his own "adventures," which in turn consist largely of his observations and speculations. Most nature writing is, in one form or another, the notebook of a naturalist. Gilbert White started the tradition, which has been carried down through Darwin, Jeffries, Hudson, Thoreau, Burroughs, Muir, and others to the present. It is a gratifying tradition which, among its other services to literature, has helped keep alive the personal essay.

Mr. Teale is the man who made insects popular and respectable by revealing their better nature, some dozen years ago, in "Grassroot Jungles." Since then, in a succession of books illustrated with his candid photographs, he has showed that nature at large is his field. The twenty-nine chapters of "Days Without Time," most of them brief, deal with swim-

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ming cats, favorite trees, the habits of the skunk cabbage, nocturnal migrations of birds past the observation tower of the Empire State Building, the devotion of a wolf to a collie, and some revealing letters from the pen of W. H. Hudson that, with Gordon Wasson, he first presented to the public in the pages of *SRL*. Mr. Teale has personally known only one swimming cat, but he seems to have combed all literature for the history of feline natation. This is typical. He is rich not only in his observation but in his reading.

As a photographer Mr. Teale first made his fame by enlarging the grotesque world of insects to human size. His skill in microphotography is again demonstrated in many of the hundred and forty-four photographs that accompany this text. Others are portraits of birds, reptiles, and mammals, or landscapes. It is curious how even such an impersonal medium as photography reflects a man's personal character. These photographs are first of all honest; they are excellent without pretentiousness. It is evident that Mr. Teale looks upon a landscape as a landscape, not as a photograph, and photographs it accordingly. There is no tricky use of filters to make white clouds appear to be sunning themselves in a black sky over silver verdure. The purpose of his camera is to record what is, making its reality as vivid as possible. The frontispiece of a swamp in April virtually has you sitting among the skunk cabbages.

This respect for nature and this honesty of purpose is just as manifest in the text. Mr. Teale is a faithful reporter of what goes on afield, whether it is the visit of a black gyrfalcon to the shores of Long Island, a battle between a wasp and an ant, or the use that various birds and beasts make of their tails. He does not seize the reader by his lapels. What is interesting or spectacular is interesting or spectacular in its own right; the author is simply the window through which you see it.

Having said all this, I must add an impression that the material in "Days Without Time" is spread a bit thin. This is such a miscellaneous miscellany that some of its inclusions seem like odd leaves of the naturalist's notebook that come in here because they happen not to have been used elsewhere. One suspects the kind of economy that can see nothing go to waste. What counts for the followers of Teale is that this is more Teale.

Louis J. Halle, Jr., has written several books on nature, including "Spring in Washington" and "Birds Against Men." The latter was awarded a medal by the John Burroughs Association.

Adventures with the Big Cats

HUNTING AMERICAN LIONS. By Frank C. Hibben. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. 1948. 225 pp. $3.75.

Reviewed by JOSEPH W. LIPPINCOTT

IS the mountain lion the king of American game? Perhaps there are bear enthusiasts and a few other hunters who will want to argue with Mr. Hibben about this, but no one can read of his sensational adventures with the big cats in the very wild, mountainous country of Arizona and New Mexico or horseback, on foot, and behind fine hounds without feeling that mountain-lion hunting can be terrific. Certainly this powerful cat, which grows to a length of about nine feet as against a big tiger's ten feet, seven inches, and the leopard's eight, and which can run down and kill the biggest bucks, has sufficiently dangerous potentialities when cornered.

Early settlers in the East knew this animal as the panther; he is also called the catamount, the cougar, and the puma; but his range is dwindling and in the United States is restricted now almost entirely to mountainous sections of the West and the swamp country of Florida. He has never been a man-killer in the true sense, though there are a number of instances when he has attacked humans. Mr. Hibben points out that such incidents have pockmarked American history as the frontier moved westward and that, on an average of about once a year, a cougar attacks or tries to attack a human. The bulk of these cases involves children or women, isolated or walking through secluded places close to lion haunts; but the author cites one instance in which a cougar attacked three men together. Oddly enough, most of the victims have not lost their lives, though had the cat in each case exerted his full strength he could easily have annihilated them.

Perhaps the most interesting example of attack by a cougar involved two children on the Island of Vancouver in the year 1916. The girl was eleven years old, the boy only eight. Out of the shadows sprang the lion upon the girl, throwing her to the ground and holding her down with his forepaws. The boy, undaunted, leaped astride the animal's back and beat him with a pony bridle that he was carrying, whereupon the lion lashed viciously at him, laid open the boy's cheek, and knocked him sprawling. The girl in her turn attacked the lion, who was mauling the prostrate boy, beat the animal with another pony bridle, and finally forced her bare hand into the snarling creature's toothy mouth, continuing to beat him with the bridle until the cougar fled. Both brave children were terribly lacerated but lived. Later the lion was killed by a hunter who found it to be thin, almost blind, and obviously starving.

—Stephen J. Voorhies

Mr. Hibben has previously issued a preliminary study of the mountain lion, as well as volumes on early Indian civilization, but there remained the task of doing for the cougar what Jim Corbett, in remarkable stories of hunting down noted man-killers, has done for the tiger and the leopard in India. Mr. Hibben has done his part admirably under such chapter headings as "The Catalina Hellcat," "The Killer of Tonto Rim," "Copperas Canyon Lioness," "Old Man Sandia," etc., telling of the long hunt for each of these cougar characters, the chase when the hounds finally discovered its hiding place, and its ultimate capture or miraculous escape. Being a thorough naturalist, dog enthusiast, and horseman, he makes the stories much more interesting than ordinary tales of adventure. The reader learns the details of the mountain fastnesses, the individuality of the stern men who hunt, of the well-trained horses and hounds, and of the cougars themselves.

A moonlight jaguar hunt and one for the comparatively small but vicious bobcat are thrown in as if for comparison, but cougars fill the book, and there are exciting incidents galore, such as when

> the lion broke cover and headed up the opposite slope of the canyon, running easily in long, graceful jumps that spurned that steep slippery ground as though it were level ... Panting and disheveled, with our knees covered with mud and granular snow, we struggled up the other side. The roar of the barking dogs which had moved ahead so constantly had now stopped on the ridge above us ... "Treed!" Homer gasped.

Anyone who loves hunting or just the out-of-doors can revel in these pages.

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The Saturday Review of Literature

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Alfred R. McIntyre
1886-1948

THE editors of *The Saturday Review of Literature* wish to testify to their sense of loss in the death of Alfred R. McIntyre of Little, Brown & Co. His quiet but always good influence upon publishing has been felt in this office for many years and exhibited in an extraordinary series of good books. He seemed to us one of the best of a rare but long-existing type of publisher, who is not only wise and shrewd in business, but aware of the nature of high standards, and with scholarship and critical judgment at his command. As editors of a literary magazine it is impressive to us to see how much wheat and how little chaff there is in the list of his books. His life and work should be a model for the publishing world.

The Real Danger

AFTER we spoke before the Ohio Library Association in Dayton recently, a trustee of one of the smaller libraries bitterly attacked "The Naked and the Dead." It was, he argued, an immoral book. What's more, he said, in his town at least he was doing his best to keep it out of the library. To date, he hadn't succeeded, but he would keep trying. In Oak Park, the daughter of one of the most eminent of Midwestern poets had a question. "Do you really think," she asked us, "that the *masses* can be trusted with all ideas?" (Not since the Communist weekly merged with *Mainstream* had we heard the word "masses" used so frighteningly.) And in a large Southern city we talked with a librarian who thought that while it was all right for her and her daughter to read all kinds of books, she wouldn't stock her library with certain titles because, "You just can't trust *some* people with *some* ideas."

These three were not, of course, typical, but there is a growing tendency in this country to suppress rather than out-argue ideas. And, except for the commendable activities of the American Library Association's Committee on Intellectual Freedom, there has been a minimum of protest against the trend by those most directly concerned, writers and readers. A distinguished committee has publicized the banning of *The Nation* from the libraries of the public schools of New York City, but what about Rochester? There a book called "Twenty Famous Americans" has been barred from a library. One of the twenty discussed is Henry Wallace. Although it is being fought in the courts both by the publishers involved and by the Philadelphia Book Sellers Association, the Philadelphia story has been repeated in at least a dozen cities throughout the country. The plot is very simple. The Philadelphia police seized a thousand books, ranging from novels by Erskine Caldwell to those by James T. Farrell and Ross Lockridge, Jr. The loosely drawn charge in this case was "obscenity." The most recent imitation occurred in Sioux City, Iowa, where, presumably because Sioux City is smaller, the police confined themselves to three volumes, two by Caldwell and one by Thorne Smith.

But it's in Los Angeles that the strong-arm boys are busiest. There, because thirteen members of the Los Angeles County Library System refused to sign one portion of a loyalty statement, the county board of supervisors has created a five-man committee that plans to censor all of the some 630,000 books in the libraries.

Those "Unlucky Thirteen," not to be confused with last year's "Unlucky Ten" in neighboring Hollywood, did swear that they'd defend our Government when and if it needs defending; they wrote "no" on that dotted line asking them whether they favored overthrowing the Government or belonged to groups that did, but they would *not* deny membership in all of the 143 organizations that the California un-American activities committee says are subversive. Included in the list, incidentally, is the American Veterans Committee, which at its recent convention—for the third straight year—affirmed its anti-Communist stand and has already started to oust any Communists it discovers among its members. But the main attack has been against John D. Henderson, head county librarian. No, he's not accused of being a Communist; he's worked in the state libraries for twenty-two years, and he did sign the loyalty statement (though he's accused of delay, may have had to refill his fountain pen). Henderson's crime has been defined by Roger Jessup, the county supervisor who claims credit for the censorship committee. Jessup's is an eloquent statement, frank, unequivocal, and to the point. "I am not satisfied," he says, "that Mr. Henderson is free of those liberal thoughts that we don't like to see in the mind of the head of the library."

There are a lot of psychoanalysts in and around Los Angeles, but Mr. Jessup is not one of them; moreover, he has not revealed just how he can see into Mr. Henderson's mind, and perhaps we shouldn't insist. After all, he's going to be pretty busy helping that committee read 630,000 books.

BUT neither are Mr. Jessup and his cohorts comedians. Theirs is a deadly serious and an increasingly dangerous and popular undertaking. And, while the tendency to outlaw ideas is not yet quite a trend, the fact that American publishers and writers and readers have not, generally, stood up and shouted, will help to make it so. After all, if it's possible to get away with the censorship of books and magazines in New York City, Los Angeles County, Philadelphia, Sioux City, Iowa, and Rochester, the intention is clear enough. And, once started, where does it end? If one magazine is forbidden today, there is every reason to suspect that the number will be twenty tomorrow, or early next week; if it's one novelist now, maybe next week it will be a dozen.

If it's Communism we fear, the words of James B. Conant in his address at the *Herald-Tribune* forum this year may be pertinent. "We must," he said, "examine and debate the creed of the Communist Party as it has been formulated and defended both here and in foreign lands . . . I would go so far as to say that this is

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the number one educational need of the present moment."

The real danger is not in that unhappy band of zealots who belong to or follow the line established by the Communist Party; the danger is in those men who are afraid of librarians suspected of having liberal thoughts in their minds. And, even more basically, in those of us whose business and pleasure are ideas and who have been frighteningly complacent while the pattern of suppression, scattered as it now is, gradually emerges.

In Mark Gayn's admirable "Japan Diary" he describes the manner in which the Japanese war lords prepared their people for aggression; moderate men, he writes, were fired from the government; universities were forced to purge "disloyal" professors, and finally, Gayn declares, "Libraries were forced to discard 'subversive' books. They started with Karl Marx, and inevitably they came to Dreiser, Tolstoy, and Gide." We've started out; where we're going remains to be seen.

—MERLE MILLER.

Bookmarks

FROM a Pacific Coast printing firm comes this postal-card announcement: "Your book manuscript published privately at a reasonable price; memoirs, collections of verse, belles-lettres, family histories, drama philosophy, science, or novels of enduring importance." Anybody care to bet that the house would refuse to take on a novel of unenduring unimportance?

* * *

In "The Heart of the Matter," Graham Greene has a girl write a note to her lover in which she says: "My darling, this is serius." We took this for a misprint at first, but no, she repeats it, and Mr. Greene himself plays with *serius* and *servus*. The young lady had gone to a good school (they had tied Cheltenham at netball in 1940), and had studied French, Greek, trigonometry, but not, apparently, English. Maybe she would have written "serius," but our fingers are crossed. Misspelling can be as difficult an art as spelling. We like much better, as an example of authentic and logical misspelling, a notice we saw in Florence, Mass. (within the orbit of Smith College), last fall. It said: "Do not deface this sighn."

* * *

It is only a little over three years since the guns ceased fire, yet half a dozen cabinet members and comparable VIP's, plus as many household-word generals, have already issued their memoirs, daring history to look at the record and do its worst. The pace of reminiscence is much hotter than it was after the First World War. Of the 1917-19 cabinet, only Josephus Daniels recollected voluminously, and in his own good time. A few of his colleagues assembled brief compilations of assorted memories—mere synopses of what they might have produced. Secretary of War Newton D. Baker entrusted his papers to Frederick Palmer, who put the story into competent shape in 1931, the year in which General Pershing's own narrative appeared. That was thirteen years after the Armistice—the same as 1958 will be in this generation's perspective. The fact that neither Woodrow Wilson nor Franklin D. Roosevelt lived to write his memoirs is a major tragedy. And Frank Knox could have compiled a lively account of his own career, both in and out of the Navy Department.

* * *

When Secretary Ickes's pungent recollections began appearing in *The Saturday Evening Post*, Editor Ben Hibbs accompanied the first instalment with a signed announcement in which he declared that Mr. Ickes had composed his memoirs "without the help of a collaborator." That's laying the ghost, all right. In other words, Dr. (Temple University, '48) Hibbs, a most knowledgeable editor, regarded the phenomenon of a statesman writing his reminiscences all by himself as sufficiently startling to deserve billboarding. And now comes *United Nations World*, an alert, informed, and informing periodical, with a piece headed "Edouard Herriot Reaffirms the Faith of a Man in Men" which is accompanied by a facsimile of the final page of M. Herriot's hand-written manuscript. The caption reads: "The literate M. Herriot hires no ghost." Moreover, his French is excellent.

* * *

A dedication we enjoyed: "The Voice of the Corpse," by Max Murray, a thriller as English as all get-out, is inscribed "To the City Hall, New York, where I married Maysie Gregg." There is precedent for a public edifice as dedicatee—Herman Melville dedicated "Israel Potter" to the Bunker Hill Monument. But he didn't get married there.

* * *

Waiting for our number to come up on the tote-board at the New York Public Library the other day, we glanced, as is our wont, at the open notebook of the schoolgirl sitting next to us. All we could read before *her* number came up was "Picaresque novel. 1. Meaning—moralistic." Either that young lady needs a new school, or that school needs a new teacher.

* * *

We recently came across a character named Harcourt in a Little, Brown novel. Has anyone ever fashioned a villain named Macmillan?

* * *

Compiling a concordance must be one of the easiest jobs in the world. The only requirements are half a dozen complete texts of the author to be concorded, several years of unimpaired health, three or four complete changes of spectacles, infinite patience, a moderate income from some other source, and ten million three-by-five cards.

—J. T. W.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

'Oh, this is a famous place, General Washington. In 1746 Lord Livingston slept here.'

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Grammar of a Pidgin

SIR: Let one protest be registered, at least, against the gem of misinformation appearing in *SRL* Oct. 30, in the purported sketch of taki-taki (talkee-talkee). This claptrap is the more dismaying in that it is stated to be the first of a series.

First, the approach is ignorant. Pidgin languages do not lack grammar nor does the grammar vary with the whim of the speaker. Any serious variation would make them unintelligible to the hearers, which is obvious when you stop to think about it. Besides, it just isn't true. I urge your author to study "The Linguistic Structure of Taki-Taki," by Robert A. Hall, Jr., in Vol. 24 of "Language." I am sure that he will be surprised at the elaborate syntax of this language. You cannot talk a pigdin English just by mixing up English words any which way. The grammar of a pidgin is simple, but its rules are as firmly fixed as those of the best English.

JOHN N. SEAMAN.

Lansing, Mich.

SIR: Mr. Seaman would be nearer the academic truth if he would maintain that *some* "pidgin languages do not lack grammar." It is possible that he has in mind two of the lingua franca spoken in the western Pacific, known as beche de mer and the Melanesian pidgin English of New Guinea. The latter does indeed have comparatively strict grammatical form and a precise vocabulary of about thirteen hundred words.

But not talkee-talkee. If Mr. Seaman has an opportunity, he might read "Djuka" by Dr. Morton C. Kahn. Dr. Kahn, a Cornell scholar, traveled extensively in Suriname during the years 1927, '28, and '29, under the auspices of the American Museum of Natural History. He says of talkee-talkee: The construction of a sentence will vary "with the idiosyncrasies of the speaker. The names and verbs have no regular order; instead they are twisted around for convenience and emphasis." And again: "In making phrases and sentences the verbs are not conjugated at all."

For much of the material which appeared in my article in *SRL,* I depended upon the help of Edward Collins, manager of the Alcoa Steamship Company in Paramaribo, Suriname. Mr. Collins has studied talkee-talkee and every day has innumerable opportunities to converse in it. He states: "Talkee-talkee as we know it does not conform to grammatical rules. The case and number of nouns, verb tense, and the use and function of inflection—all can be learned best by experience."

To a great extent the syntax of a sentence does vary with the speaker. It has been Mr. Collins's experience that word order very often changes with the enthusiasm and mood of the speaker.

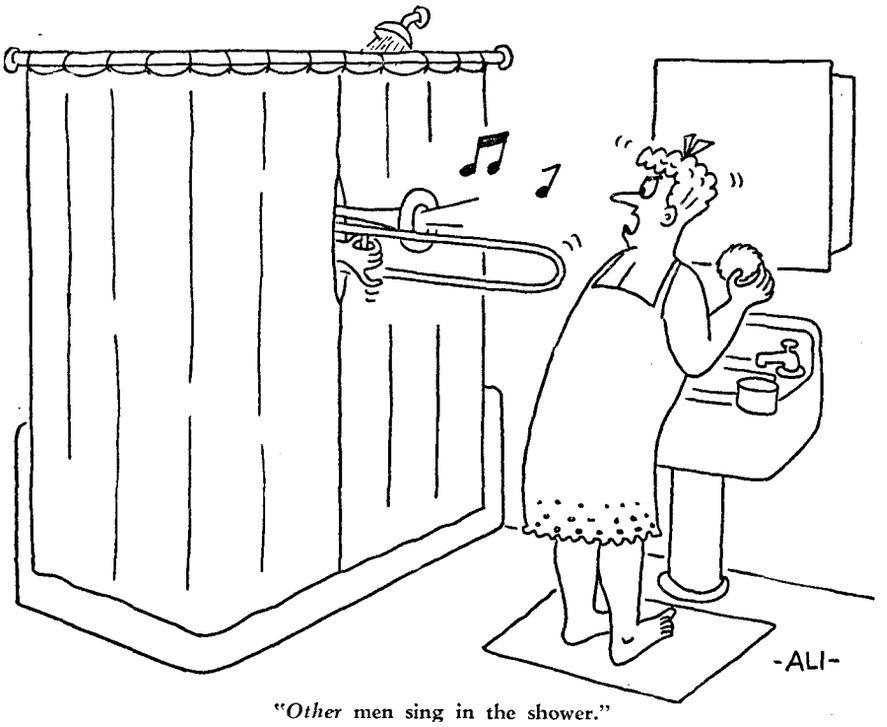
Mr. Seaman's informational source, the article by Robert Anderson Hall, is of high standing. He has in this article produced a phonetic review of talkee-talkee, which is not a written language. He speaks of the extensive elision and syncope which have taken place in talkee-talkee. Nevertheless, he does not anywhere, to my knowledge, say or imply that talkee-talkee's rules "are as firmly fixed as those of the best English."

Mr. Seaman can have his own way on the spelling of talkee-talkee. Since it is a creolized language developed out of jargonized English, and must of necessity depend upon phonetic interpretation to appear in print, it can be spelled talkee-talkee, takee-takee, taki-taki, tawki-tawki, etc. Take your choice.

It is entirely possible that Mr. Seaman has, at last, found a language in which words can be mixed up "any which way," and still be understood.

PAUL E. KNAPP.

New York, N. Y.



"*Other* men sing in the shower."

Games

SIR: In the Oct. 30 issue of your magazine you had a cartoon of a football game. On the score it had 20 min. to play and there are only 15 min. in a quarter. I would like to know how that could happen.

I am only eleven and have attended one football game.

KAY ASHLEY.

Seattle, Wash.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *We wondered how many people would notice that. Hooray for Kay.*

It's a Crime

SIR: How, in the name of literature, did "Wisteria Cottage" by Robert M. Coates get into Judge Lynch's CRIMINAL RECORD [*SRL* Sept. 18]?

It is no more a whodunit than is "Hamlet," although I suppose if "Hamlet" came along today there would be shakings of heads and it would land among murder books.

When I recall the space devoted to books like "All This and Heaven, Too," where murder plays a large part (and so different from the newspaper records I read in Paris), and "Wisteria Cottage" receives only the brief notation, "Grade-A psycho thriller" in *SRL,* I am completely bewildered, and pretty mad, too, by the obvious lack of judgment on your part.

MAUDE BEAMISH.

Harrisburg, Pa.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *It left us a bit unsteady, too.*

Medieval Equipment

SIR: Harrison Smith is disturbed in his editorial "Plots and Conspiracies" [*SRL* Oct. 30] by the tags of Stark Black and White hung on all contestants for power, with no in-between color values that the reason of liberals should supply. So am I. But isn't it possible that liberals themselves are to blame?

How many of them arrive dirty in the front parlor from examining the plumbing?

How many consider the cruel absurdity of the fractious reserve loan-deposit method of coining and regulating the value of our money, the only major medieval equipment we have left, but upon which the functioning of our industrial edifice rests? EDWIN D. LUNDQUIST.

Boston, Mass.

The Vittoz Method

SIR: While traveling through Lancaster, Pa., on November 10, I picked up a copy of the *New Era,* the local newspaper, and my eye was attracted to a department, "The Era Hears," by the *New Era* staff, which contained the following:

The featured article in the latest *Saturday Review of Literature* has

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brought a local firm a shower of telegrams and letters for copies of an obscure, privately-printed book it turned out in 1937.

Mrs. Stella Musser, office manager of the Lancaster Press, Inc., says her firm has been deluged with orders for "An Unfinished Manuscript: Notes for a Book on the Vittoz Method" after this book was mentioned in the *SRL*'s article "The Scientific Production of Love" [*Oct. 30*].

Mrs. Musser explains that the book was written by Mrs. Josephine Van Slyck Thorn and published by a relative two years after the author's death. Mrs. Musser is trying to locate the relative, whose last known address was Bryn Mawr.

A restricted edition of 250 copies, the book—ironically enough—is the only statement in English of the remarkable theories of Dr. Roger Vittoz, who practised medicine in Switzerland from 1866 to 1925.

The Swiss physician set out to find a way to make people healthy and happy enough so that the love of their neighbors followed automatically, rather than exhorting people to love and serve their neighbors in order to be happy, which they somehow refused to do.

John F. Wharton, author of the *SRL* article, says of Vittoz's extraordinary quest made some sixty years ago, "If the meager evidence we have is true, he succeeded well enough to permit one to say that there exists in the world today the basic theory, data, and techniques for the scientific production of health, happiness, and love."

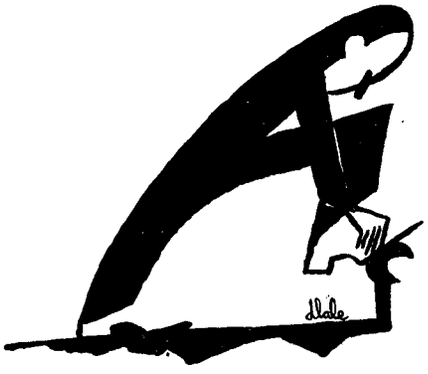
Wharton states, "The key to Vittoz's psychology was his conception of the Superconscious and the key to his therapy was his discovery of the rhythm of the brain."

The article also points out that this unusual man invented a machine for coding the rhythm of the brain in much the same way as a cardiograph codes the action of the heart. It enabled him and others to determine if the brain rhythm is normal or abnormal.

Because the writer is also interested in obtaining a copy of the Vittoz book, and because it may be possible to have it reprinted by some book publisher together with John F. Wharton's essay, I would be pleased to hear from any *SRL* readers with the same interest.

ROGER GRAYSON.

New York, N. Y.



NEW EDITIONS

IT IS a commonplace that the life-giving streams of Western civilization took their rise in two rugged lands washed by the Mediterranean Sea—Greece and Palestine. The one stream flowed through Rome, where it nourished a largely imitative culture, and then flowed on, colored and augmented by Roman tributaries; while the second met and mingled with the first, gaining in strength and volume as it did so, until large admixtures of Greek philosophical subtlety and Roman imperialism were permanently blended with the pure waters of its source. To know these streams is to know our origins; not to know them is to be lost in a fleeting, incomprehensible present. Such knowledge, if it is to be thorough, must be the fruit of a lifetime's or many lifetimes' study. But before me is a group of books which will at least help any intelligent reader towards the desired goal—a group that divides itself naturally into two parts.

In the first are "Greek Literature in Translation" (Longmans, $4.75), edited by Whitney J. Oates and Charles T. Murphy; "Greek and Roman Classics in Translation" (Longmans, $6), edited by Charles T. Murphy, Kevin Guinagh, and Whitney J. Oates; "Aristophanes: Five Comedies" (World Publishing Co., $1.25), done into lively, uncensored English, with introducton and notes, by a translator who is here anonymous; and "The Portable Plato" (Viking, $2), containing "Protagoras," "Phaedo," "Symposium," and "Republic," edited by Scott Buchanan. In the second are the Twenty-fifth Anniversary Edition of Edgar J. Goodspeed's translation of "The New Testament" (University of Chicago Press, $5); the first volume—Genesis to Esther — of Monsignor Ronald Knox's new translation of "The Old Testament" (Sheed & Ward, $7); "The Fellowship of the Saints" (Abingdon-Cokesbury Press, $7.50), an anthology of Christian devotional literature, compiled by Thomas S. Kepler; and "No Uncertain Sound" (Westminster Press, $4.50), an anthology of Christian sermons, from Origen down to the Reformation, edited and introduced by Ray C. Petry.

A reader need go no further than the two Longmans collections of classical literature, composed from the best available translations, and furnished with useful general and particular introductions, to realize the extent of our indebtedness to Greece and Rome. The Greeks invented reason as an art, and pioneered in the pursuit of knowledge for its own sake. Viewing man in himself—and in relation to his fellow man, nature, and the gods—they posed most of the philosophical, moral, political, social, and literary problems with which we are familiar, and came up with most of the possible answers. Experiencing life with a vigor and a fulness that have never been surpassed, they expressed and interpreted this experience in almost all the art forms which we know and still use, thanks to their innovating genius. First-comers in so many fields, they set up marks that the heirs of all the ages have accepted as the highest possible standards, and they created a body of literature that must remain a reservoir of wisdom, refreshment, and entertainment, as long as men agree that what is best said is best worth reading. The Romans, led in chains of light by their captives, were only the first people to emulate and preserve Greek art and thought; an act for which our debt to them is immeasurable. For not only did they produce masterpieces of their own to prove the enduring vitality of Greek examples, and to enrich our literary heritage, but, by serving as the first preservers of Hellas's unique contribution to the world, they made it possible for other preservers to come after them.

For the other stream which fed the roots of Western civilization, and which still slakes the spiritual thirst of many millions, the Bible is, of course, the ultimate source and source-book. Dr. Goodspeed's version of the New Testament has long since proved its worth and utility, and I hope at a later date to evaluate Monsignor Knox's learned translation from the standpoint of an unlearned reader; but here it is enough to say that both these books are sturdy assistants in the task of understanding the true meaning of passages that are obscured or corrupt in the Authorized and Revised Versions. Finally, Mr. Petry's and Mr. Kepler's anthologies may be recommended for the windows which they open on varieties of Christian thought and experience, and for the many eloquent formulations of Christian faith which they contain.

—BEN RAY REDMAN.

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Seeing Things

NO PEOPLE LIKE SHOW PEOPLE

THEATRE people are a race apart. They always have been, and for the theatre's well-being it is to be hoped they always will be. Not all the knighthoods which have fallen their way since Irving became Sir Henry can change them. Outwardly they may have grown respectable. They may lead lives as dully conventional as if they were vestrymen or deaconesses. When away from the footlights, they may squander their energies performing like ladies and gentlemen. One thing is certain, however. Were they only ladies and gentlemen, no one would part with a nickel to see them.

"An actress is not a lady: at least when she is she is not an actress," wrote Shaw in the preface to his correspondence with Ellen Terry. "A lady is—or in Ellen Terry's generation was—a person trained to the utmost attainable degree in the art and habit of concealing her feelings and maintaining an imperturbable composure under the most trying circumstances. An actress is a person trained even more severely in the art and habit of displaying her feelings so demonstratively that every occupant of the back row in a remote gallery can read them in her face and see them in her gestures. What to the lady is an emergency in which dissimulation is her first duty, is to the actress an opportunity for explosive self-expression, however skilled her guidance of the explosion may be."

So far as the actress and the lady are concerned, Shaw may have touched upon a quintessential difference. Yet there is more to the matter than this. Much more. Theatre people are not limited to actresses—or actors. Directors, playwrights, scenic artists, costume designers—even managers—are apt to be different from ordinary men and women. More than being coworkers in the same profession, they share something of the same temperament.

A freemasonry of attitude and interest unites them. They wear blinders of an identical cut, though of a different color. The real world for them is seldom as real as is the world of make-believe. To their eyes greasepaint is thicker than blood, and a spotlight outshines the sun. They do not find tongues in trees or sermons in stones, but plots in people, settings in homes, and theatre in everything. If they are not often life-touched, they are always stage-struck. Their heads may be soft but their hearts are softer. They are sentimentalists who can do the kindest things and say the cruellest. Their gift for sprightly and denuding malice must be counted among their endowments. Their generosities are infinite and as sudden as their loyalties. If, as mortals, they are violent and volatile, it is because their emotions are near the surface. This means that their lives erupt more frequently into "scenes"—the bigger, the better—than do the lives of adults perhaps less colorful but certainly obliged to be more controlled.

If theatre people were not a race apart, not only would the theatre itself be a paler place but, instead of having a diverting comedy in "Light Up the Sky,"* Moss Hart would have no play at all. The fascination of seeing "plain" a group of such supercharged and extraordinary personalities is a major source of the very real fun the evening provides.

To be sure, "Light Up the Sky" is held by some to be a *drame à clef*, in spite of Mr. Hart's firm and repeated statements to the contrary. The fact that it might be one adds to the pleasure of those who fancy they are in the know. They are flattered by thinking they possess the key. So equipped, they amuse themselves trying to read Gertrude Lawrence, Billy Rose, Eleanor Holm, or Guthrie McClintic into this character or that. Yet good, unclean gossip's sport as such attempts at identification may be, the interest of the comedy is not so limited. It runs deeper. It is not dependent on the recognition of particular individuals. Instead, it is derived from the sense Mr. Hart creates of having taken the audience into his confidence and raised the curtain on what is at once zestful, incredible, entertaining, and ridiculous in the theatrical temperament in general.

Mr. Hart lays his comedy in the sitting room of a suite a star has taken at the Ritz in Boston. The star in question is a woman who can turn on charm and effervescence as easily as she switches on a light. She is opening in a new play by a new playwright. He is a tough, inarticulate, and idealistic young man. He is green, too; so green in fact that at first he believes utterly in the courage, the loyalty, the unselfishness, and the dedication of the star, the director, the manager, and the others who have lent their names, their talents, or money to producing his script.

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Sam Levene and Phyllis Povah are possessed of "Madness . . . seemingly necessary lunacy . . ."

MR. HART'S plan of action could not be simpler. He invites a first night to tell its own story. His shifts in mood, indeed his action, are dictated by the passing of the hours. The first curtain rises at 5:30 P.M. on the day of the opening. Everyone at that hopeful, unexposed moment ("magic time," the director calls it) is bursting with toasts, confidence, and good fellowship. The second act starts at 12:30 A.M. By then the performance is over, and the star and her satellites are trooping back to the hotel convinced, because of the audience's reaction, that they have a disastrous flop on their hands. The air is now so thick with insults, recriminations, and temperamental eruptions that the disillusioned playwright determines in disgust to abandon the theatre forever. It is 3:30 A.M. when the final act begins. Another complete reversal has occurred. The notices have appeared. Since these are ecstatic, all the regular theatre people forget the terrible things they have said to one another; acquire the camaraderie and confidence a hit can engender; and close in on the playwright to win him back to the theatre's strange service.

**LIGHT UP THE SKY, a new comedy by Moss Hart. Directed by Mr. Hart. Setting by Frederic Fox. Costumes by Kiviette. Presented by Joseph M. Hyman and Bernard Hart. With a cast including Sam Levene, Virginia Field, Glenn Anders, Philip Ober, Audrey Christie, Phyllis Povah, Barry Nelson, Bartlett Robinson, etc. At the Royale Opened November 18, 1948.*

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"FUNNIEST COMEDY OF THE SEASON!"—ATKINSON, Times
JOSEPH M. HYMAN & BERNARD HART present
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A New Comedy by MOSS HART
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GILBERT MILLER & HENRY SHEREK present
ROBERT MORLEY • ADRIANNE ALLEN • IAN HUNTER
EDWARD, MY SON
by ROBERT MORLEY and NOEL LANGLEY
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MARTIN BECK, W. 45 St. Eves. 8:25 Sharp. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

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The LAUGH HIT
by GARSON KANIN
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MICHAEL KANIN in association with ALDRICH & MYERS presents
MADELEINE CARROLL
in
GOODBYE, MY FANCY
A New Comedy by FAY KANIN
with CONRAD NAGEL • SHIRLEY BOOTH
and SAM WANAMAKER
Directed by MR. WANAMAKER
MOROSCO W. 45th St. Eves. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

PULITZER PRIZE & CRITICS' AWARD
IRENE M. SELZNICK presents
A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE
by TENNESSEE WILLIAMS
Directed by ELIA KAZAN
with JESSICA TANDY
BARRYMORE, W. 47 St., Mats. Wed. & Sat.

Life with Mother
with DOROTHY STICKNEY HOWARD LINDSAY
EMPIRE, B'way & 40th St. Eves. 8.30. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

In other words, people—theatre people—are Mr. Hart's plot, and they prove plot enough. He writes of them as one who must have survived just such sessions. He writes wittily and maliciously, with an easy professional touch. If he is unsparing in dealing with his individuals, there is tenderness in his attitude toward the theatre. He knows, as the starry-eyed are foolish enough to forget, that the lily can grow on the dunghill, and beauty be created by bastards. He knows, too, that the theatre often flowers, not in spite of its people's human frailties, but because of them. That is why he derives his title from a line reading, "Mad, sire? Ah, yes—mad indeed, but observe how they do light up the sky."

THIS madness offstage is one of the oldest traditions of the theatre. Apparently it is the stuff of which convincing illusion is born. Socrates and Hamlet were equally perplexed by it. Socrates's wonder that Ion, the rhapsodist, could weep when speaking sad lines is only the forerunner of "What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba?" The happy madness and unconventionality of theatrical people was as well known to Hogarth as it was to Goethe. "The Strolling Players" and "Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship" are at one on that point. This same madness unites the Crummles family in "Nicholas Nickleby" with the actors in Clemence Dane's "Broome Stages," Somerset Maugham's "Theatre," Mr. Priestley's "Good Companions," or Fitzroy Davis's "Quicksilver." It is this very madness, this seemingly necessary lunacy, with which Mr. Hart and such of his many admirable actors as Sam Levene, Phyllis Povah, Audrey Christie, and Virginia Field have—and give—such fun in "Light Up the Sky." Mr. Hart pulls no punches and sometimes hits below the belt. But the evening is a good one, adding a bright new chapter and several entertaining verses to the Broadway book of revelations.

—JOHN MASON BROWN.

A SMASH HIT."—Life Magazine
ETHEL MERMAN
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Americana.

In their quiet way, the octet of books reviewed here demonstrate a basic change that has occurred in American thinking. Before the Great Depression, when many "intellectuals" expatriated themselves in Europe and those who remained home cribbed their ideas from Mencken's Babbit-baiting American Mercury, *few publishers hazarded a book that dealt respectfully with our provincialities. But the depression sobered the American people; World War II left them with immense power and responsibilities. Besides being concerned about world affairs, Americans now take pride in their heritage, with the result that books about sections have become a staple of the publishing industry. New England, New Jersey, the South, the Great Plains, and the Pacific Northwest are all treated in this week's books.*

Shock-and-Surprise-School Tales

LITTLE ANNIE OAKLEY AND OTHER RUGGED PEOPLE. By Stewart H. Holbrook. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1948. 238 pp. $3.50.

Reviewed by DUNCAN AIKMAN

MR. HOLBROOK is a New Englander, steeped in the traditions of Boston and Harvard, who in his hot youth in the 1920's made his way in the lumber camps of the Pacific Northwest when "Wobblyism" was just maturing. This makes for a sophisticated impression of he-man life in the Old West—or what was left of it after World War I ended—and for a he-man's interpretation of many a Boston and New England legend which Mr. Holbrook absorbed at his grandma's knees, or saw with his own eyes, or researched in the Boston Atheneum.

Both of these attitudes were the cream of the jest in the days when Mencken and James Branch Cabell and his "Jurgen" were leading the wild young people of America's original "lost generation" on a merry Pilgrims' Progress out of the Republic of the booboisie in the general direction of the atomic age. The debunking eye Mr. Holbrook casts on the Westerners in this collection of magazine pieces proves that many of them, like Buffalo Bill, were the inventions of professional reputation-mongers and press agents like Ned Buntline and Major John W. Burke; yet lovable, whiskey-drinking, lady-killing phonies withal.

The appraising eye cast on the Down-East Yankees, from Boston's Scollay Square to upstate Vermont, satisfied the reading public that all was much less respectable, more male and sinful in the land of Puritanism than was commonly believed. Mr. Holbrook, for instance, restates in several of this book's pieces his pride that Professor John White Webster of the Harvard Medical School as of 1849 turned out to be a handy man at an unsuccessful murder. He is equally adept at proving in a piece called "Western Men Are Sissies" that some of the Rotarians between El Paso and Cape Nome like to play badminton and cultivate tulips.

This was the formula of shock-and-surprise on which the Mencken school of writing muscled so heftily into American folk-criticism. As a former fellow-traveler on the pilgrimage, this reviewer enjoyed the ride a lot, and still thinks it was a healthy canter for its times.

But these days he is fed up with it even to the point of being bored with riding boot-to-boot with so unquenchable a debunker as Mr. Holbrook. It is okay by him if Big Fred Hewlett really kept an honest saloon and gambling house at Aberdeen, Washington, for the lumberjacks of thirty-odd years ago. It is okay if Annie Oakley, though a true pint-sized, female sure-shot, was phonily advertised by Major Burke of the Buffalo Bill Wild West Show as the adopted daughter of Sitting Bull, the Sioux chieftain. It is okay if Mr. Holbrook does repeat, somewhat admiringly, the anciently verified adage that "parsimony, plus an almost pathological resistance to change, has been fatal to the lot of New England industry and business."

It simply becomes wearying when all these tales are told as if a circle of great-aunts of the 1890's was sitting around waiting to squeal when each relation is finished. *The American Mercury* mannerism, sad to say, degenerates here into a pinch in the dark for the little old spinster who isn't there.

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Rural Papers Below Mason & Dixon

THE SOUTHERN COUNTRY EDITOR: By Thomas D. Clark. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1948. 365 pp. $3.50.

Reviewed by CHARLES McD. PUCKETTE

ONE is impressed first by the prodigious amount of arid reading which must have gone into the preparation of this historical review of Southern small-town newspapers since the War Between the States. For among weekly journals the paper with vivid personality and individuality is somewhat rare, and with good reason. The metropolitan newspaperman would shudder at the long hours and six-day week which are the country editor's lot and would be frightened at the animal—the wolf—whose habitat so often is on the publisher's doorstep. The drudgery of the editor-publisher-advertising and circulation manager—and sometimes compositor's—jobs often held by one person leaves scant time for literary excursions and philosophical comment on the news of the world. This portrait of the country newspaperman, however, was truer a generation ago than now, when small towns have thriving and competing businesses, and advertising revenue is more stable and in larger volume.

Mr. Clark covers chiefly the editorial side of the newspaper. He ranges broadly over the South, a considerable territory, and quotes liberally from representative journals on the public issues of the eight decades. Because the South is concerned with sectional problems Mr. Clark feels justified in devoting a book solely to its smaller newspapers. The historian will find his survey useful, presenting a picture of Southern opinion on questions which arose in the decades since 1865. The rural Southern voices on political, social, agricultural, and economic issues—and on the overriding issue of race—are well reflected in the author's pages.

The reader is impressed also with the stereotyped quality of the early editorial appraisal of paramount national questions. Whether from a sense of the need of collective sectional defense of her peculiar institutions or for other reasons, the South's editors until well after the turn of the century marched in unbroken ranks. They berated Theodore Roosevelt for lunching with Booker T. Washington and for other such actions they excused lynching; they resented criticism or even objective analysis of the South by persons from other sections. They welcomed the industrialization of the region but fought shy of the social and labor problems it brought. Only recently have they reflected that independence of opinion which is now showing itself in politics and in a new approach to so many social and economic questions. Mr. Clark's volume gives an excellent and faithful account of this shift from the old to the new.

The uninhibited printing of personal news a few generations ago is surprising. As Mr. Clark says, in a land of a free press, "personal responsibility and propinquity were perhaps the most significant press controls" in states in which the pistol was used too readily. But the quotations given from news items about individual peccadilloes are amazing. Today the newspapers would print such items in gossip columns from New York and Hollywood, but not from their own main streets.

Local customs and folklore, medical advertising, legends and anecdotes, flowery tributes in the formal manner, or thundering denunciations such as a frock-coated statesman might utter are all part of the country editor's bill of fare. Mr. Clark serves them all. The student of journalism and the historian will find varied and interesting information in this volume, which in dealing so plentifully with small matters, gives a broad picture of local opinion in the changing South over four generations.

Charles McD. Puckette is editor of The Chattanooga Times.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 285

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 285 will be found in the next issue.

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SNTPQN MYY ZBHIXV

SNYPIX ZP M APEIZQF

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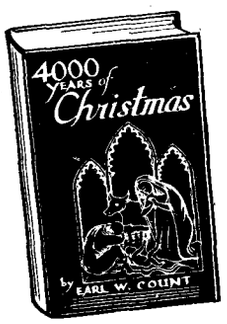

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Joys of Nature in Vermont

GREEN MOUNTAIN FARM. By Elliott Merrick. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1948. 209 pp. $3.50.

Reviewed by THOMAS FOSTER

IN thirty-two brief chapters—short and pithy as a well-told Vermont anecdote—Elliott Merrick recounts his year-round experiences on a northern Vermont farm. He does not tell his readers how to become successful farmers, though he learned in the hard school of trial and error how to deal with the important problem of water supply, how to handle hogs, plant a garden, and make farm repairs. Primarily, he is interested in the sensuous experiences that come to one who turns to nature and outdoor life, and the simple, reflective philosophy that is the outgrowth of such living. For all like-minded readers "Green Mountain Farm" is heartily recommended.

The depression of 1932 found the Merricks hunting up a farm, a place where they could live free from worry while Merrick continued his writing. For a year they lived in an old house on a rented farm, while they searched around the countryside for a place to buy. They found such a place, with a magnificent view overlooking a lake, and with a dilapidated house and collapsing barn, which the absent elderly owner, placing no value on the natural setting, would sell for $1,000 in instalments. Here Merrick, his wife, and small son moved, and through succeeding years made a happy and satisfying life for themselves in this rural community.

When his writing failed to earn enough money to support his increasing family Merrick took a winter job teaching in a nearby high school or counseling in a summer camp; but it is the skiing to and from school, the canoeing at camp that give a lift to the author's spirits, and it is such things that he writes about with zestful interest. Nevertheless, people are not neglected, as they scarcely could be in a book dealing with Vermont.

There are suspicious, tight-lipped farmers, a competent doctor, summer folk, casual tourists. Working intimately with the natives, Merrick learned much of their life histories, for most of them became communicative and voluble enough once their initial reticence was overcome. To the author these people are never clods or "quaint characters" waiting for a clever author to write them up. They are mostly kindly, simple, hard-working people, who are working out their destiny in a manner for which Merrick has great respect.

My one criticism of this book is that the author sometimes carries the philosophy of the simple life into oversimple generalities. At such times oversimplification affects his usually competent and frequently sensitive style and his trite phrases buckle under the light load of shallow thought. However, at his best he conveys with conviction and sensitivity the beauties of the country, and above all his own awareness and joy in liv-

A Vermonter, Thomas Foster has written on birds and glasses and wild flowers—always with a New England slant—for The New York Times and *the* New England Homestead.

"I'm taking a survey of the kinds of polls being taken. What's yours?"

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Vernacular in Our Art Forms

MADE IN AMERICA: The Arts in Modern Civilization. By John A. Kouwenhoven. New York: Doubleday & Co. 1948. 303 *pp.* $5.

Reviewed by ROGER BURLINGAME

WHETHER or not we agree with its detail, it is impossible not to recognize the sharpness and the high stimulus of Mr. Kouwenhoven's picture of the "vernacular" as he sees it reflected in the most genuine American art forms. This dominant theme is not concerned with the sort of folk art recently pursued by enthusiasts of the self-conscious "American culture" school. The true "patternmaking" which is Mr. Kouwenhoven's constant reference point "has nothing in common with the balladry of the Kentucky mountaineers or the decorative arts of the Pennsylvania Dutch." The important patterns were those evolved by "sovereign, even if uncultivated, people" in an utterly new environment and "an unprecedented social structure." The result was a unique "democratic-technological vernacular which has been overlooked in our estimate of art in the United States."

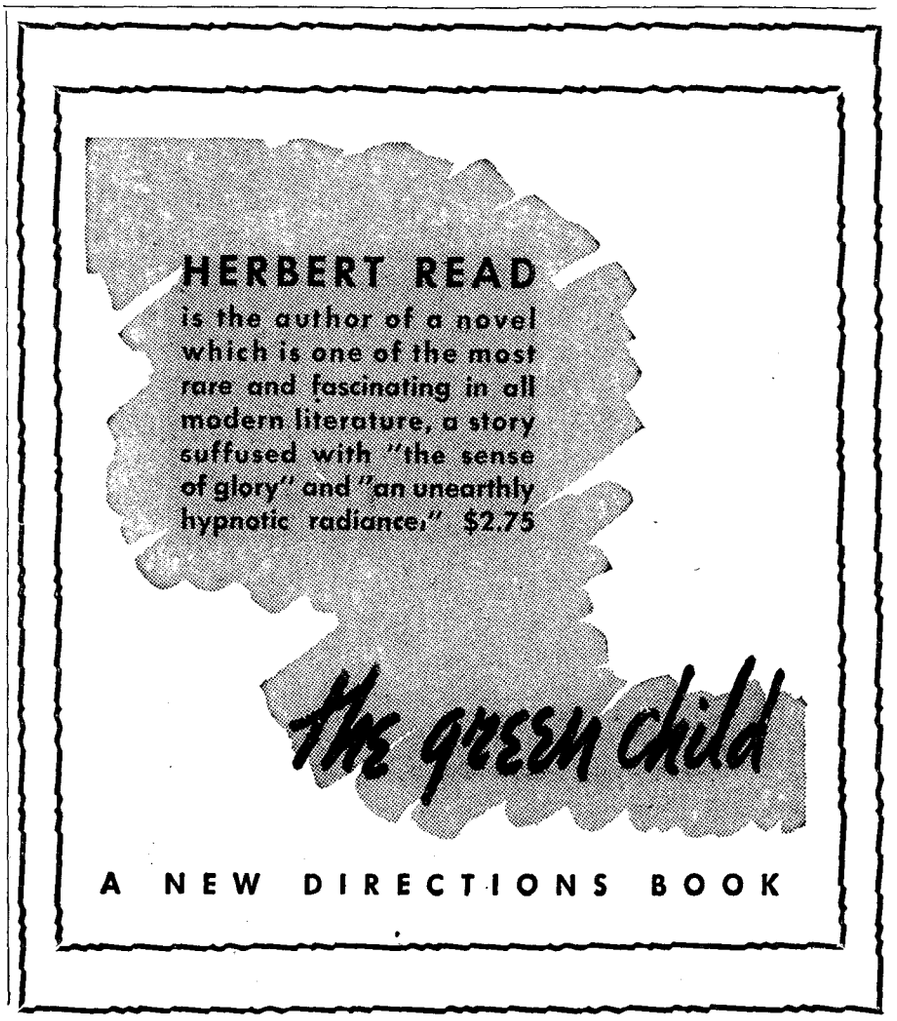
The author traces this guiding principle from the implements of the frontier farm through nineteenth-century industry, prairie building construction, railroads, bridges, architecture of all kinds, furniture, interior decoration, literature, painting, sculpture, industrial design, late mass production, and finally jazz music and the cinema. His integration of this variety is remarkable. His thesis comes clearest and is most convincing in the chapter "Two Traditions in Conflict." Here we see a small group on the eastern fringe slavishly following European tastes and judgment and consistently divorcing use from beauty, while, farther west the mass of the people were building their new settlements and necessary technology on a purely functional pattern heedless of incidental esthetic result. The impact of the "cultivated tradition" on the vernacular forms was often disastrous, notably in architecture, when the simple, sturdy, "balloon frame" house was robbed of its dignity by the professional architects of the late Victorian school. Yet the vernacular persisted with the need of rapid construction keeping pace with the moving frontier. Especially interesting in this chapter is the history of prefabrication which the author traces to the 1830's in theory and to the Sixties in commercial practice.

A chapter on "The Artist's Dilemma" shows the conflict continuing in poetry, fiction, painting, and sculpture. The dependence on solitary reflection which such authors and painters as Henry James, Hawthorne, Lafcadio Hearn, Mary Cassatt, and Whistler had learned abroad unfitted them for work in the vernacular which required the constant participation in the quick-moving American scene by a Mark Twain, a Walt Whitman, a William Mount, or a Thomas Eakins. James candidly rejected the vernacular; Hawthorne evaded it with regret and though he realized once that "it needs the native air to give life a reality" he wrote in the belief that "romance and poetry, ivy, lichens, and wall-flowers, need ruin to make them grow."

Awareness of the frequent appearance of beauty in pure functional design came with the contemplation—often by foreigners—of American bridges, machinery, and skyscrapers. In 1876 the French sculptor Bartholdi saw in a Corliss engine at the Centennial exhibition "the beauty and almost the grace of the human form," and an English correspondent told the *Times* that "the American mechanizes as an old Greek sculptured, as the Venetian painted." In 1883, Oscar Wilde told an English audience: "I have always wished to believe that the line of strength and the line of beauty are one. That wish was realized when I contemplated American machinery." As this consciousness grew, artists used vernacular forms more purposefully and reflectively.

After a review of the history of mass production—"as indigenous to the United States as the husking bee"—the author calls the Model-T Ford, an "unabashed product of the vernacular tradition." In purpose this is evident and it was certainly true of the assembly line which produced it, through of course "tin lizzie" herself was an adaptation of foreign invention and design. Mr. Kouwenhoven does not insist on her "beauty" and when he speaks of automobiles in general as "among the most beautiful objects which modern civilization has produced," we may suspect he is thinking of an imported rather than an American vernacular form.

While the theme of "Made in Amer-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12/11

ica" is not a new one, this reader at least has never seen it stated to the layman with such crystal clarity. The book is richly documented and "functionally" illustrated, and if bookstore visitors are not thrown off by its cluttered dust-jacket and "arty" blurb it should have an extensive sale among honest Americana enthusiasts.

Roger Burlingame is author of a number of volumes about American science and invention, including "March of the Iron Men," "Engines and Democracy," and "Inventors Behind the Inventions."

Americana Notes

LESSER CROSSROADS, by Andrew D. Mellick, Jr. Rutgers. No reader interested in American life in the eighteenth century can neglect that graphic volume published in 1889 by Andrew D. Mellick, Jr., under the title "The Story of an Old Farm." One of the earliest works of social history written in this country, it remains one of the best. Around an account of the Mellick family, which reached this country in 1735 and settled in Somerset County, New Jersey, the author assembled an enormous amount of accurate and amusing information; treating of intemperance, morals, farming methods, old furniture, churches, slavery, foods, immigration, and, not least, of war. It was a happy inspiration of Hubert G. Schmidt to revive this minor classic with a new title, "Lesser Crossroads," reducing its 700-odd pages to 400, and furnishing a useful preface. Mellick's book has two major themes. One is the German Lutheran immigration of the first half of the eighteenth century, its impulses, its conditions, and its results, a theme in which the sad condition of the masses in the Palatinate is contrasted with pleasant scenes of pioneer thrift and prosperity in the upper Raritan Valley. The other theme is the Revolution in New Jersey, an oft-told story rehearsed not only with spirit but with many new facts and some novel interpretations. Mellick gives us striking descriptions of camps, marches, and battles, doing justice to the neglected skirmishes at Bound Brook, Plainfield, and Connecticut farms as well as to Princeton and Monmouth. He does not omit marauding, desertions, court-martials, and the atrocities perpetrated on both sides. Some forcible pages are devoted to a vindication of the much-abused Hessians, who, if not very heroic, received more odium than they deserved. The volume, written by a hopelessly paralyzed invalid, is as delightful to the casual reader as it is satisfactory to the specialist.

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CHARLES M. RUSSELL, THE COWBOY ARTIST, by Ramon F. Adams and Homer E. Britzman. Trail's End Publishing Company. Most of the delineators of the American Western frontier in pictures, from Karl Bodmer and George Catlin to Frederick Remington, rank as illustrators rather than artists. Charles M. Russell, whom many regard as a greater expert in the life of the Indian, the cowboy, and the hunter than Remington, falls in the lesser category. He lived to see it properly appreciated. When he illustrated Emerson Hough's "Story of the Cowboy" in 1897, he received thirty dollars for three paintings. Not thirty years later an oil man paid him $30,000 for a mural. When Russell saw the check, he remarked to his wife: "Why, Mame, that's dead men's prices!"

Two men who know the West thoroughly, Ramon F. Adams and Homer E. Britzman, have put years of research into just the kind of biography that this self-taught painter and sculptor deserved. Russell, who grew up with a Montana trapper, who lived with Indians in Canada, and who knew the cow outfits all through the 1860's and 1890's, was a humorous philosopher of the Will Rogers type as well as a subtle, clearsighted observer, a poet as well as a realist. This anecdotal biography, generously illustrated with black and white sketches and color plates, presents the man as the West knew him, a man, said a Montana friend, "who can roll a cigarette with one hand, mold a grizzly bear out of the inside of a biscuit, an' quit drinkin' without cryin' out loud." He could turn from the proud realism of his bronco-buster picture "Rider of the Rough String" to the symbolism of his "Spirit of Winter." He was equally at home in a saloon trading a sketch for a drink and in a drawing room in England ("the cold bread country," he called it). He became one of the best yarn-spinners in the West. The authors of this captivating book have a chapter on Charlie Russell the artist which overrates him, and they have another on Charlie Russell the historian which certainly does not.

* * *

THE MARYLAND GERMANS, by Dieter Cunz. Princeton. Dieter Cunz's book has every scholarly virtue, including dulness. In an admirably thorough treatise, the author tells how large numbers of Germans first came down from Pennsylvania, and then entered directly through Annapolis and Baltimore; how Frederick and Hagerstown became notable German centers; how Henry Yost and other Germans made guns in the Revolution, while General Henry Stricker was a Maryland hero in the War of 1812; how new waves of immigrants in 1830-60 gave Baltimore a strong German element; how in the Civil War the Germans did almost as much to keep Maryland in the Union as they did to keep Missouri there; and how for decades seven public schools in Baltimore were conducted on a half-German, half-English basis. German journalism, German music, and German brewing long flourished. The book exhausts the subject, and presents a highly honorable record. It reprints a letter by a German-American in the Baltimore *Evening Sun in* 1938, protesting against Hitlerism, which ought to find its way into anthologies as a memorable piece of denunciatory eloquence.

* * *

LINCOLN UNDER FIRE, by John H. Cramer. Louisiana State University. The Lincolniana factory grinds on. Its latest product devotes some 125 pages to Lincoln's experiences during Early's raid on Washington in the summer of 1864. The President visited Fort Stevens, just outside Washington in Maryland, exposed himself on the parapet, and when Surgeon C. C. V. A. Crawford of a Pennsylvania regiment was wounded at his side, withdrew. Various discrepant accounts have been given by memoir-writers of the episode, and of different men (General Wright, Private Bedient, or somebody else) who allegedly requested, begged, or ordered the President to retire. Best known of all is Alexander Woollcott's late-told and dubious anecdote that Captain Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr., sharply commanded: "Get down, you fool!" Mr. Cramer thinks it may or may not be true. His meticulous examination of the Fort Stevens affair, properly condensed, would have made a good magazine article.

—ALLAN NEVINS.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Mr. Dombie, in "Great Mischief," by Josephine Pinckney. 2. Grandfather, in "My Life and Hard Times," by James Thurber. 3. Penny Baxter, in "The Yearling," by Marjorie K. Rawlings. 4. Henry Bohun, in "The Romance of Rosy Ridge," by MacKinlay Kantor. 5. John Cappalow, in "The Die-hard," by Stephen Vincent Benét. 6. The Reverend Thomas Wagnal, in "The History of Rome Hanks," by Joseph Stanley Pennell. 7. Frank Kennedy, in "Gone with the Wind," by Margaret Mitchell. 8. Ezra Mannon, in "Mourning Becomes Electra," by Eugene O'Neill. 9. Tetley, in "The Ox-Bow Incident," by Walter Van Tilbury Clark. 10. Gen. Burgoyne, in "God Has a Long Face," by Robert Wilder.

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IDEAS ON FILM

Eyewitnessing the World of the 16 mm. Motion Picture

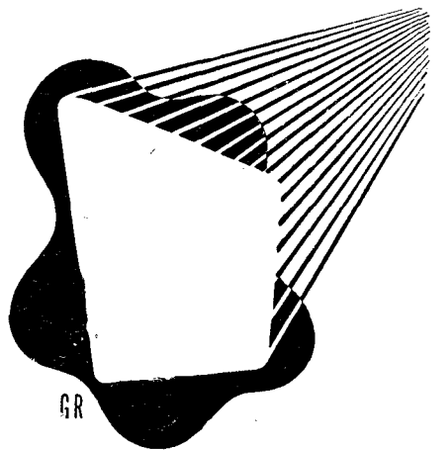
16MM Comes of Age

IT was twenty-five years ago—and not the legal twenty-one—that 16 mm.-film making first became a practical reality. The year 1923 saw the fruition of a great engineering project, which resulted in the marketing of simple cameras and projectors, non-inflammable film of generally accepted width, and an economical reversal process which improved quality and cut in half the consumer's raw material costs. This achievement (which must be largely credited to the Eastman Kodak Company) took the movies down off their pedestal and put them into the hands of the people.

Today there are scores of thousands of 16mm. and 8mm. cameras in use throughout the world, and some 60,000 16mm. sound projectors in use in America alone. Film users no longer look to the great commercial centers of production for the pictures which answer their functional needs—which aid them in setting up a child health program, instruct in industrial safety, inform about the way people live on the Ganges and the Nile, or stir the heart with a story of Negro life which no studio would dare to tell.

These films have grown out of community needs. They answer a purpose. They do a job. But because film is among the most expensive of media, they require careful planning and far-sighted organization. This year has seen much progress in this cooperative use of film. During the summer a large and successful 16mm. convention was held in Chicago, which linked the Film Councils of America (now encouraging community use of film in 100 cities), the Educational Film Library of America (EFLA), and the National Association of Audio-Visual Dealers (NAVED).

The University Film Producers Association was greatly strengthened by the addition of new members, and now represents most of the colleges which produce and distribute films needed by their own state or region, which cannot find a government or commercial sponsor to back them. The American Library Association, generously aided by a Carnegie grant, is pushing forward its experiments in circulating films through the public libraries—thus bringing nearer the



day when movies become as accessible and specific a tool of information as the printed word itself.

Public recognition has also not been lacking. As recorded below, the American Academy of Arts and Letters has at length acknowledged the status of the film as an art. The motion picture's own Academy of Arts and Sciences has for some years recognized the documentary film with two annual awards—for a feature film and a short subject. At present, however, the Academy discriminates against the 16mm. film, for its current rules provide that "entries . . . will be limited to those that either have been produced in or enlarged to 35mm." While the admission of enlarged or "blown-up" pictures opens a narrow door to the 16mm. producer, few are likely to enter by it. The cost of producing a "blown-up" color print—probably of no value apart from Academy submission—will amount to almost a thousand dollars, a sum quite prohibitive as the cost of entering a picture. While the rule was no doubt framed to exclude amateur films of no general interest, its result is to block all Kodachrome productions and many other outstanding 16mm. films.

The Academy regulations for the films of 1948 have not yet been published. Are there still to be no Oscars for 16mm.? Will the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences lag behind the American Academy of Arts and Letters? Or will Hollywood gracefully resign itself to the inevitable—and admit that 16mm. film exists?

RAYMOND SPOTTISWOODE,
Editor, IDEAS ON FILM.

Film Bookshelf

THE RISE OF THE AMERICAN FILM: A Critical History. By Lewis Jacobs. Illustrated. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1948. 585 pp. $6.

Books on the film have a limited market in this country. Whenever one undertakes the preparation of a worth-while bibliography, it is infuriating to discover that almost every recommended volume has surreptitiously vanished into the ever-growing limbo of out-of-print items. It is therefore stimulating to learn that "The Rise of the American Film" has again been published; it originally appeared in 1939 and immediately took its place among the few truly important books on the film.

There have been many histories of the film, but all have confined themselves to a single aspect of its development. Mr. Jacobs has synthesized his approach and deals with the motion picture as an art form, an industry, and he has evaluated this growth in terms of its social background. The author traces the film from its commercial beginnings in 1896 until its golden anniversary; the discoveries and contributions significant to the growth of film technique are analyzed; the financial structure of the American film business is charted, and the effect of the changing times upon the content of American movies and the effect of the movies on the times are examined with judicious care. The value of its scholarship is evident from the extent of its documentation. Original source material seems to have been the primary consideration, and in each instance Mr. Jacobs has seen the films again to substantiate his opinions. While some may quarrel with the sociological approach and its distorted emphasis, the conclusions are honestly and independently arrived at. No other single volume offers so much to the serious student of the film. To the novice it will become a touchstone; the practising film maker has already made it his bible.

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Spring of Poetry in Celluloid

WHEN the American Academy of Arts and Letters met November 23 to elect to membership William Faulkner, John Steinbeck, Leon Kroll, and Mark Van Doren, an unusual event occurred. The motion picture was for the first time recognized by the Academy as an art form, and the film thus honored was Robert Flaherty's "Louisiana Story,"* preceded by the 16mm. "French Tapestries Visit America," which is reviewed elsewhere in this issue.

"Louisiana Story" has already won international acclaim at the film festivals in Vienna and Edinburgh this year, and is now slowly making its way through this country's independent theatres. It was financed by the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, who had the courage to give Robert Flaherty complete creative freedom, and even withheld their name from the credit titles of the film (*SRL*, Oct. 9). The example they have set is already arousing interest among commercial firms which have not hitherto projected film beyond the horizons of the board room and the factory conveyor-belt. "Louisiana Story" should open their eyes to the real breadth of accomplishment they could portray—their contribution to the growth of American society. Granted initiative and boldness, these firms can do as much for the screen as Standard Oil and Robert Flaherty.

Although not at present available on 16mm., we are reviewing "Louisiana Story" in these columns because of its outstanding worth as a film, and because it may not gain the wide audience it deserves unless people up and down the country demand to see it. By special arrangement, it will be released in 16mm. in October 1949, one year after its first appearance in the theatres.

Out of the two years he spent in the Louisiana bayous, Robert Flaherty has woven a simple and powerful story of Acadian life as it is confronted by industrial man in his search for oil. Here is no crude black-and-white contrast of heroic primitives and ruthless intruders, but rather a subtle and shifting tapestry in which the newcomers and the old-timers merge into the floating shapes of moss and swampland, and the animal life which is hunted in their depths.

Between boyhood and manhood moves the figure of Napoleon Alexander Ulysses Latour, befriending his pet coon, hunting the crocodile which attacks it, and watching with a child's wonder and awe the giant new derrick which towers over his native bayous. And when the well fails and the work is halted, the boy takes his secret talisman out of his shirt—and spits in the well, as he spits in the bayou where he thinks that mermaids live. Drilling goes on, oil is found, and the derrick, no longer needed, moves silently away across the marshes.

Robert Flaherty, too, has spat into the well—the well of truth—and once again has struck the springs of poetry in film. By virtually eliminating spoken dialogue and narration, Flaherty has restored to the cinema much of the international character which it lost twenty years ago with the coming of sound.

At the same time Flaherty has thrown into relief Virgil Thomson's rich and stirring score, which is magnificently played by members of the Philadelphia Orchestra with Eugene Ormandy conducting. "Louisiana Story is indeed a notable triumph for the American film. —R. J. S.

* *LOUISIANA STORY, a film produced and directed by Robert Flaherty for the Standard Oil Co. of N. J. Camera: Richard Leacock. Music: Virgil Thomson. Editing: Helen van Dongen. Theatre distribution: Lopert Films, Inc., 148 West 57th St., New York, N. Y. (77 mins.).*

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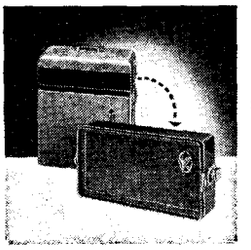

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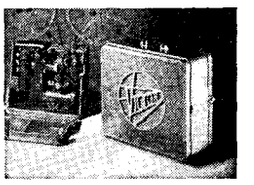

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The Film Forum

SRL's CHRISTMAS PACKAGE

The Saturday Review's Weekly Guide to Selected 16mm. Sound Films.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *In the expectation that the Christmas season will see many 16mm. film shows arranged for the children and their elders,* SRL *is devoting most of its* IDEAS ON FILM *section this month to a group of outstanding pictures in holiday mood. One of the brighter lights on our Christmas tree this year has been placed by Walt Disney. For the first time in 16mm., the Walt Disney Technicolor productions are being made available. "Pinocchio" and "Song of the South" are ready now: in the coming months "Make Mine Music," "Fun and Fancy Free," and "Bambi" will follow. Eventually, most if not all of the Disney full-length features and short subjects will belong to the growing family of selected 16mm. sound films.*

PINOCCHIO

May be rented from R. K. O. Radio Pictures, Inc., 1270 Avenue of the Americas, New York 20, N. Y. There are 21 regional branch offices; consult *SRL* for nearest source. Rental varies (minimum, $25); please apply.

Collodi's classic for children, based on an Italian folk tale, is familiar to everyone over eight years of age. The really small fry have heard it before bedtime, and as they become more literate and capable of reading for themselves it becomes one of their first cherished dog-eared volumes. Walt Disney and his staff of magicians have transmuted it into a great motion picture which is fun for the whole family. Jiminy Cricket; Cleo, the amorous goldfish; Figaro, the dead-end-kid cat; the villains Stromboli (the theatrical impressario who exploits Pinocchio) and Monstro, the whale; the woodcarver, Mr. Geppetto, and all the other characters invented by the twentieth-century Mother Goose factory are in the cast. The musical score includes such songs as: "When You Wish Upon a Star," "Hi-Diddle-Dee-Dee, an Actor's Life for Me," "Give a Little Whistle," and "Little Woodenhead"; all of these songs have been worked into the story line and aid in the progression of the plot—they are not decorative interludes. Children may well profit from this ingenious morality fable; had Pinocchio paid closer heed to Jiminy, his official conscience appointed by the Blue Fairy, he would not have found himself in trouble nor could he have been tempted into the dissolute life on Pleasure Island. Of course it all ends well; Pinocchio becomes a real boy only after he has proved himself worthy.

SONG OF THE SOUTH

(The same as "Pinocchio")

The best of the Uncle Remus tales, as originally told by Joel Chandler Harris, have been incorporated into this film, which combines live action and animation. Disney's first attempts with this genre were not too successful, but in this instance he has mastered it. The late James Baskett (who was to have starred in a new film version of "Green Pastures") plays the part of Uncle Remus. He reunites a young couple and their son by using his animal fables cunningly. Br'er Rabbit and Br'er Fox in the briar patch, the Tar Baby incident, the Laughing Place, and others are used in the form of parables to prevent a family from breaking up. "Zip-a-Dee-Doo-Dah!" and "Everybody Has a Laughing Place" are only two of the many songs which contribute to the wholesome entertainment.

We would like to call your attention to the fact that "Pinocchio" and "Song of the South" are special technicolor prints and have been re-recorded for 16mm.; they are technically perfect and comparable to the theatrical versions.

MIRACLE ON 34th STREET

Produced by Twentieth Century-Fox. May be rented from Films, Inc., 330 West 42nd St., New York 18, N. Y. 90 minutes; $22.50.

To those skeptics who no longer believe in Santa Claus this film is dedicated in perpetuity. When one Kris Kringle upsets the normal business procedure of Macy's toy department, he sets into motion a series of events which are brought to a climax with his trial; in the courts at New York City he is officially declared to be the bewhiskered old gentleman known and beloved by all. Jurisprudence in such a great metropolis is a complicated and impersonal study; and if they say Edmund Gwenn is St. Nick, who are we to disagree? A delightful comedy which should be seen many times, and if by chance you have not seen it, by all means do so. Several lines to which there had been some objection by the Legion of Decency in the original theatrical version have been deleted; it now has an A-1 rating.

MARCH OF THE WOODEN SOLDIERS

May be rented from Films, Inc., 330 West 42nd St., New York 18, N. Y. 90 minutes; $17.50.

Originally titled "Babes in Toyland," this fantasy features Laurel and Hardy as two workmen in Santa Claus's factory. In this fairyland adventure not only does Mother Goose come to life, but she is joined by Little Bo Peep, Red Riding Hood, and Jack and Jill. Victor Herbert's music includes "Toyland," "Castle in Spain," "Little Bo Peep," and, of course, the lilting "March of the Toys."

CHRISTMAS CAROLS

Produced and distributed by United World-Castle Films, 445 Park Ave., New York 22, N. Y. 10 minutes; sale, $17.50, rental, $1.50.

The words of the carols are superimposed over a boys' choir as they sing "The First Noel," "Hark, the Herald Angels Sing," and "Adeste Fideles." Excellent arrangement for group singing; audience may join in. ("Silent Night, Holy Night" prepared in the same format as above, is available from the same source. 3 minutes; sale $5, rental, $1.)

ALICE IN WONDERLAND

Produced by Paramount Pictures, Inc. Distributed by Teaching Film Custodians, 25 West 43rd St., New York 18. N. Y. Consult *SRL* for nearest rental source and price. 19 minutes.

This two-reel version is only an excerpt of the full-length feature which Paramount has withdrawn from 16mm. circulation. In its present form it is designed for school use. It opens with Alice in her living room examining the chessmen; she comments on the rabbit she sees outside her window, talks to the turtle in the aquarium, and then to Uncle Gilbert's picture. The first sequence ends as Alice soliloquizes with the cat. Alice drinks a potion

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which makes her grow and eats a cake which makes her small. The film closes with Alice tiny enough to enter the doorway which takes her into Wonderland. With all its shortcomings, due to length, this film can be used to great advantage in acquainting students with the charm of Lewis Carroll's book.

CHRISTMAS RHAPSODY

Produced and distributed by Encyclopaedia Britannica Films. Obtainable from them at 450 West 56th St., New York 19, N. Y. Sale price: $19.50.

First in the new EBF series of home movies, this black and white film tells the story of a little fir tree which thinks itself neglected in the forest until it finds that it has been selected by a forest ranger and his children to be set up in their home and decorated as a Christmas tree.

Though the commentary may be too coy and sugary for some tastes, the film succeeds through its simple and beautiful mountain photography, and the superbly recorded carols which accompany the simple story. Excellent for young children.

FRENCH TAPESTRIES VISIT AMERICA

A Falcon Production, distributed by A. F. Films, 1600 Broadway, New York, N. Y. 27 minutes; rental, $25, sale price, $200.

This film provides an excellent record and interpretation in color of the great exhibition of French tapestries recently seen at the Metropolitan Museum. Indeed, the camera eye in many ways excels the eye of the average onlooker, for it is able to pick out detail and unravel the story of many of the complex tapestries.

The work of modern artists is not neglected, and the film, very satisfactorily reproduced in Kodachrome, is accompanied by contemporary music from the French "Anthologie Sonore."

HOLIDAY CAROLS

Produced and distributed by Official Films, 25 West 45th St., New York 18, N. Y. 9 minutes; sale $25. Consult *SRL* for nearest rental source. (May also be purchased individually; $9 for each group.)

Divided into three groups: (1) "Oh Come, All Ye Faithful" and "Noel"; (2) "It Came Upon a Midnight Clear" and "Joy to the World"; (3) "Hark, the Herald Angels Sing" and "Silent Night." No superimposed titles. Boys' choir seen in church and going from house to house singing.

THE NATIVITY

Produced for The American Bible Society by Anson Bond Productions. Obtainable from Association Films, 347 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y. 19 minutes; rental, $7.50. (Not for sale.)

This simple reconstruction of the events surrounding the birth of Christ, from the Annunciation to the coming of the three kings to Bethlehem, is accompanied by a recitation of the Bible narrative. Faithfulness to the words of the Gospel and the beauty of the unnamed actress who plays the part of Virgin Mary redeem this film from the banality which afflicts so many Bible films.

OUR ANIMAL NEIGHBORS

Produced and distributed by Coronet Instructional Films, Coronet Bldg., Chicago, Ill. 11 minutes; sale price, $45 black and white, $90 color.

A pleasantly informative film about many kinds of small animals which children may watch in the country—among them, squirrels, chipmunks, moles, shrews, field mice, and bats. A really remarkable amount of information is compressed into a single reel without hurrying, and the presentation and color photography are excellent. With its gay and cheerful picture of the woods and their inhabitants, this makes an excellent Christmas film.

THE QUIET ONE

EDITOR'S NOTE: *It is our opinion that "The Quiet One" is the most important 16mm. film produced during 1948—important not only because of its subject and treatment, but because it was filmed directly in 16mm. We are therefore according it special review space, even though distribution arrangements have not yet been completed. SRL will report these in the near future.*

Produced by Film Documents, Inc., 208 East 72nd St., New York 21, N. Y. To be released through Mayer-Burstyn, Inc., 113 West 42nd St. Consult *SRL* for further details. 67 minutes.

Anti-Semitism has provoked the most talented people to protest against such an outrage, but the pattern of prejudice is not confined to a single group. How many of us, for example, have ever considered the social status of the Oriental in this country? We cannot here explore the problem of the Nisei in recent years, but where else but in a laundry, restaurant, or classroom has the average American ever encountered a Chinese? They are not elevator operators, or bus drivers, or porters; certainly they are not all philosophers or hatchet men. Yet anti-Semitism, the so-called yellow menace, and Jim Crow are all parts of the same ugly social disease.

"The Quiet One" is about a ten-year-old Negro boy. On the face of it, he is worthless, stupid, vicious, and a menace to society. He plays hookey from school. He steals. He smashes a store window with a rock. And he is sent away.

He is sent to the Wiltwyck School for Boys, which cooperated in the making of this film. Here under the care of competent psychiatrists and social service workers he is allowed to find himself, and perhaps one day become a useful member of society; we say perhaps rather advisedly, because the school only cares for boys until they are twelve. What is to become of them when they are so eager and willing to be accepted as decent human beings and they are thrown back into a hostile and selfish world? The film cannot pretend to answer this question; it deals with a different subject.

"The Quiet One" takes its place among the outstanding American documentary films; it ranks with the work of Flaherty and Lorentz. It delves into the heart and feelings of an inarticulate youngster who cannot even fit into a circle made up of other juvenile delinquents; he is the quiet one.

Produced by Janice Loeb, directed by Sidney Meyers, commentary written by James Agee, and music by Ulysses Kay, this film is part of a campaign to raise $1,000,000 for the Wiltwyck School for Boys. In the six years since 1942, Wiltwyck has achieved national recognition of its program for sound and intelligent treatment of children with serious behavior problems. Primitive punitive custodial methods are left behind. Affection, understanding, and cooperation are offered instead to the child who has known only rejection and abuse.

This is the first feature production of Film Documents, a group of craftsmen and artists from whom we may expect a steady flow of important Ideas on Film.

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SELECTIONS FOR SANTAS

IF one were starting off on a voyage to a desert island and could take only one book for the Christmas season, that book should certainly be "The St. Nicholas Anthology" [*SRL* Dec. 4]. Between its handsome covers are the poems and stories and pictures that kept American children happily "fed" for half a century and more. One wishes that it could go as a Christmas gift to the rural parts of America where boys and girls are growing up and good books are hard to come by. Is it significant that a book like this reaches out into the past although its selection was dictated in part by children of the present? The new Lippincott Classics, too, present the past in form that makes them enticing and enduring. Children have always had a happy faculty for holding on to the books that they approve, no matter what the date of publication. This has been a rich year for new authors and artists, but in selecting books for Christmas one should certainly look both into the present and, with equal keenness for value, into the past.

Unless we let the sorrows of the postwar world weigh too heavily upon us this should be a happy Christmas for America. The election is over, the harvest is generous, we are—generally speaking—healthy and secure. So let us light the Christmas candles and hang up the Christmas holly, not forgetting to place under the Christmas tree the best of the year's books for the boys and girls for whom Christmas is neither past nor future, but now. —MARY GOULD DAVIS.

CHRISTMAS IS SHAPED LIKE STARS. By Frances Frost. Illustrated by Garry MacKenzie. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. 1948. 86 *pp.* $3.50.

BOXED in scarlet with end-papers showing boughs of spruce and holly, and illustrated with full-page black and white drawings, this is a narrative poem of Christmas on a New England farm. It is dominated by a wise old man — Grandpa — whose sons and daughters have come back with their children for the annual gathering. Eb, the youngest son who is not married, is torn between the desire to be an artist and a deep feeling for the farm and his father. Felicity, the youngest girl, is in love and her lover is there with her for the family festival. She is one of three sisters:

> The bronze-haired daughters, lovely to see,
> Tamson and Meg and Felicity.

In a scene that is a vivid picture of New England in winter they all go out on the mountain behind the farm to bring in the Christmas tree:

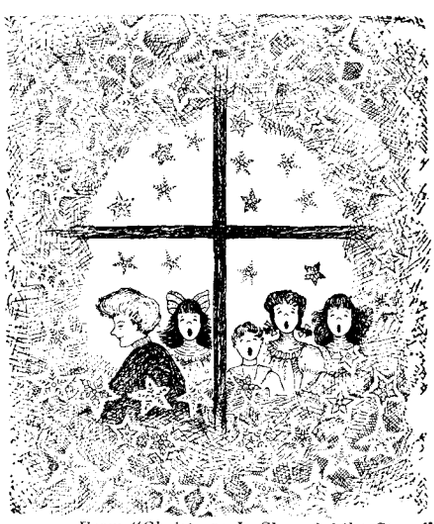
> Eben carried the spruce to the parlor corner,
> green and fragrant, tall and steady,
> the tinsel and popcorn ropes were ready. . . .

Night comes, the animals are fed, and the children go to bed. In the barn Eben and his father talk together. Then it is Christmas Day—the morning feeding of the animals, the joyous shouts of the children, coasting on the snowy hillside, the Christmas dinner and Grandpa carving the turkey:

> "A most magnificent fowl," he said.

Then the day is over. The sons and daughters and the grandchildren drive away. Grandpa thinks:

> Christmas was shaped like stars, the steady
> quiver of thistled sapphire light
> over the timberline of dawn.
> Christmas was blue withdrawing night
> and the soft cool smell of coming snow,
> Christmas shouting and the heady smell of spruce, the echoing blow of ax against the willing wood.
>
> Christmas was tall with gray-eyed brothers,
> Timothy, Ira, Eben, and Saul,
> With the bronze-haired daughters, Tamson and Meg
> and Felicity, was short with the small
> lives that were growing toward sun and storm,
> through question and answer, laughter and wars,
> Christmas was love on a sky-high farm,
> Christmas was humble and shaped like stars.



—*From "Christmas Is Shaped Like Stars."*

In the character of Grandpa are the qualities that the children of our world need most: strength, understanding, security. The keen, fresh cold of a northern Christmas is in the poem, and the warmth of home.

ROBERT BRUCE: KING OF SCOTS. By Nina Brown Baker. New York: The Vanguard Press. 1948. 247 *pp.* $2.75.

THERE couldn't be a better story for boys of all ages than that of Robert Bruce. The imagination of chroniclers, ballad writers, and literary historians of the Scottish folk, and the Scottish folklorists have worked it up into a fine heroic myth of the kind that calls to the blood like a trumpet and can still "hold children from play and old men from the chimney corners."

The outlines of it are set forth here in a clear, skilful, matter-of-fact narrative which does not quite destroy the glamor of the old tale by the cheerful, conscientious modernity of its treatment. Mrs. Baker has a scrupulous regard for the findings of modern scholarship and an earnest and commendable anxiety to enlighten and improve her readers without deceiving them. But (quite aside from the question which is the better story) which is it more important to know, the Battle of Bannockburn as it has been reconstructed by present-day specialists in military history, or the Battle of Bannockburn as it came down through legend and song to every soul in Scotland? This is the outline of an imperishable legend. But you must go to the ballads and the chronicles, or at least to Andrew Lang and Walter Scott, for the fierce music and the living blood. Those are the real books for young people. —GARRETT MATTINGLY.

COCOLO. Story and Pictures by Bettina. New York: Harper & Bros. 1948. *No paging.* $2.50.

TO anyone who knows the Mediterranean coast of Italy this is a book to weep and laugh over. Here are not only the outdoor scenes of that en-

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chanting country but the interiors and the people. The narrow streets, the squares, the low roof-lines, the tall cypress trees, the umbrella pines, and beyond them all the incredibly blue water are the setting for characters so completely Italian that one knows them well without reading a word of the text. The hero of this tale is a donkey—and a very attractive donkey with the large, sad eyes and tiny feet of most Italian donkeys. He belongs to Lucio, son of Babbo and Mamma, who lives on the island of Ravaya-Reena. Mr. Fatimus Greedy and his daughter Fussy come to the island, fall in love with Cocolo, buy him and take him away, thereby making Lucio and Cocolo very unhappy. On the mainland at Port Town Cocolo is cleaned, rubbed, polished, barbered, and given a very dressy hat. But he is not happy. He is homesick for Ravaya-Reena and for Lucio. Of course, he finally gets back to them. These drawings are irresistible. They have humor and vitality and an atmosphere so effective that it brings back the very sight, smell, and sound of southern Italy.

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS. By Robbie Trent. Pictures by Marc Simont. New York: Harper & Bros. 1948. *No paging.* $1.

This is a little book that tells the Christmas story for little children. The atmosphere is reverend and quiet. The fourteen full-page drawings in color make the background of the stable in Bethlehem and the fields where the shepherds watched beautiful and convincing. The text is set in large type by Edna Rushmore at the Golden Hind Press.

WAIT TILL THE MOON IS FULL. By Margaret Wise Brown. Pictures by Garth Williams. New York: Harper & Bros. 1948. *No paging.* $1.75.

This is a large picture book for little children. The story told in rhythmic prose is of a little raccoon who wants to go out and see the moon and is told by his mother to "wait till the moon is full." The drawings, in color and in soft black and gray, show the lady raccoon and her small son, and the little animals of the woods and fields.

THE GOLDEN CHRISTMAS MANGER. By Helen Sewell. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1948. $1.

Thirty-two figures in color, so designed that they can be cut out, and the background of the manger in Bethlehem provide a pageant of the first Christmas. It is rich in color and the figures are dignified and impressive. In color and design it is something like the fifteenth-century Italian painters. It would make a very effective center for a holiday book exhibit or celebration in a home.

PELICAN HERE, PELICAN THERE. By Leonard Weisgard. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1948. *No paging.* $2.

Brilliant color distinguishes this picture-book story of a pelican who was driven by a high wind from his island off the coast of Florida north to Canada and south again over the United States. The double pages show us what the pelican did *not* see: Canada, New England, New York, Washington, and the South again. The pictures are slanted, as one would see them from an airplane. On the other pages the pelican swoops and soars in olive-brown ink. The last full page shows him as a proud father, at home with his baby pelicans. These are bold, effective drawings, filled with detail of places familiar to many small boys and girls. Out of its bright pages they will select the familiar scenes and will long to see the ones that are strange to them.

AMERICAN FOLK SONGS FOR CHILDREN. By Ruth Crawford Seegar. Illustrated by Barbara Cooney. New York: Doubleday & Co. 1948. 190 *pp.* $4.

This is a unique collection. It will probably be the authoritative source for American folk songs for children for many, many years. Carl Sandburg says of its editor, "Her collection embodies an extraordinary array of time-tested songs for little ones, many of them so old that they have been forgotten and now have the freshness of the new." The book, the result of long experience and a contagious enthusiasm, is so arranged that it can be used effectively both at home and in school with children who know little about music. It is a large book, fully illustrated with attractive drawings in black and white.

AMOS AND THE MOON. Story and Pictures by Jan B. Balet. New York: Oxford University Press. 1948. *No paging.* $2.50.

PROBABLY the first thing that the children will say about this book is that it is "different." They will almost certainly approve of it. Amos and his teddy bear Louis wake up one night and see the moon in the mirror on the wall. They decide that, the next morning, they will take it out of the mirror and play with it. But the

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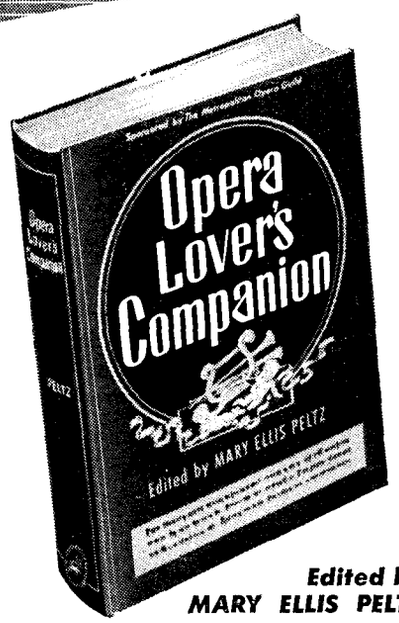
next morning the moon is gone. So Amos and Louis set out to find it. Their search takes them to the places where a small boy would naturally go: to the policeman, the iceman, the junk man, the baker, the butcher, the watchmaker, the cobbler, the fish market, the barber, the Chinese laundry. They do not find the moon, but they do acquire various other things and, in the course of their travels, they decide that no one can have the moon all of the time—just once in a while.

Amos looks like a boy who might live somewhere in Europe and the shops might well be in Paris or Brussels or Prague or Vienna. They are fascinating, inside and out. The book is full of color—rich, enticing color. It is original—and different. It is an unusual and rewarding picture book.

THE DAVENPORTS ARE AT DINNER. By Alice Dalgliesh. Illustrated by Flavia Gag. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1948. 182 *pp.* $2.50.

THE Davenports are Kathy, Barbara, John, Ricky, their father, their new stepmother, and her own small daughter Lynette. In the beginning of the book they live in an old house which they love—but have to lose. The owner, as is the habit of owners nowadays, wanted to live in it himself. A kindly but rather "bossy" friend whom the Davenports call "Mrs. Waddletwaddle" offers them her barn. It is inconvenient and extremely small but the Davenports, being what they are, soon make it into a home. This is an unusually interesting family. Led by Kathy, they carry on a radio program, with conspicuous success, by means of including a large radio public as listeners in their ordinary dinner conversation. When the beloved White Horse (made of papier mâché but extremely stylish and handsome) is stolen from the harness shop they persist in their search until he is restored. When anything goes wrong they put their heads together and act. There isn't a selfish or lazy bone in them. They are plucky and funny and extraordinarily real. This is an honest picture of an American family in the complicated world of today. It is a book to read more than once. When you know them, the Davenports are not easy to forget.



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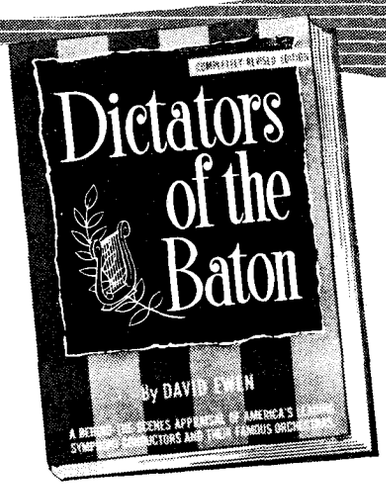

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FOR THE NON-MUSICAL—THE SPOKEN WORD

I CAN HEAR IT NOW (1933-45). Compiled by Edw. R. Murrow & Fred Friendly (CBS). Columbia MM 800 (5). Long Playing (LP) ML 4095.	Two exiting documentaries using unprecedented wealth of recent history-in-sound plus the concurrently developed radio-dramatic techniques. Both sets patched from actual speeches, etc., with running commentary. "Rendezvous" is all-FDR; "I Can" brings in many famous remembered voices, sounds: Will Rogers, Huey Long, Hindenburg disaster, Edward VIII, Willkie, FDR, etc. Technique similar, comment excellent in both, but space trouble tells in "I Can"—enormous mass of material boiled down to 10 sides, and it shows; most excerpts are "flashes," distressingly short, though exciting. Only alternative is more space—"Rendezvous" takes 24 sides (plastic) and is well worth it in greater length, hence realism, of quoted portions. These make a new and vital way of editing living history and the technique, less compressed, will no doubt be increasingly important in schools and colleges, as our recorded perspective lengthens.	
RENDEZVOUS WITH DESTINY (1933-45). Radio speeches of FDR. Com. by César Searchinger. National Broadcasting Co. 2 vols. (6 plastic each) *(Linguaphone Inst. 30 Rockefeller Plaza, N. Y. 20)*		
T. S. ELIOT reads A SONG FOR SIMEON; JOURNEY OF THE MAGI. FRAGMENT OF AN AGON. Harvard Vocarium P-1202, 3 *(1 plastic)*; P-1206, 7 *(1 pl.)* *(Bus. Mgr. Harvard Univ. Lib. Cambridge, Mass.)*	Technically better than prewar Vocarium recordings, but not yet up to highest present standard. Range restricted, some occasional blasting. Easily intelligible. Good plastic surfaces.	Strong stuff, some of this—at least by movie-radio standards! Wonderful delivery, obviously *con amore*. Required hearing for all Eliot students, revelation for almost anyone of power of spoken poetry.

MORE MUSIC FOR CHRISTMAS OR LATER

BEETHOVEN, SONATAS, VIOLIN AND PIANO, OP. 12, #1 and #2. Jascha Heifetz, Emanual Bay. RCA Victor DM 1254 (4)	A fine, clean recording of the violin-piano combination, with excellent balance, giving plenty of power to piano. Good range, big liveness makes for excellent realism.	For such a virtuoso this is surprisingly fresh, unassuming music-making (discounting a few minor bits of show-off). Excellent teamwork, highly listenable music.
STRAVINSKY, DANCES CONCERTANTES (1942). RCA Chamber Orch. Stravinsky. RCA Victor DM 1234 (3)	Just the right liveness; mellow, but a small-hall, chamber effect, great clarity in individual instruments. Victor's best "recent" recording, good range.	Continues the lengthening documentation of S. as conducted by himself. This 1940's-style music is harder and harder to deny—especially in ballet form as here! Good humored, full of wonderful, casual rhythms.
MOZART, VIOLIN CONCERTO #4 IN D, K. 218. Heifetz, Royal Philh. Beecham. RCA VICTOR DM 1267 (3)	A beautiful unpretentious recording, perfectly balanced, in best English tradition, with extended range. Small orch. Acoustics ideal for Mozart. Exceptionally smooth.	Familiar Mozart in outstanding performance, beautifully recorded. A few schmaltzy touches from Heifetz, otherwise a model for Mozartean propriety.
MOZART, SYMPHONY #33 IN B FLAT, K. 319. Vienna Philharmonic, Von Karajan. Columbia MM 778 (3)	Acoustics of the old-fashioned, huge concert-hall sort, not so good for Mozart. Recording has good range, but bass is very heavy, treble weakish. Adjust controls accordingly, for good results.	Another of the seldom heard symphonies, this one crackerjack. Note use (1st mvt.) of four-note "motto" of Jupiter Symphony. Orchestra seems overlarge; otherwise an excellent job.

—EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.

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MAPS

I

THE BOY'S MAP

FOR him the colors of the spectrum glowed
Across the earth with boundaries between:
Russia was red. Down India and China flowed
Sunrise orange and yellow. Ocean green,
Old Britain; France, flower blue; while Italy
In a summer night of indigo was set.
Across the Atlantic barrier, his free
America, like spring, was violet.

II

THE MAN'S MAP

Above the earth the pilot of the sky
Stares from the clouds, amazed at what he sees:
Countries and continents are crawling by,
Continuous landscape without boundaries.
Even the hostile cities built by Mars
Merge in a shining galaxy of stars.

—FLORENCE RIPLEY MASTIN.

* * *

NOTE FOR MR. KNOPF

Bill Henry's "An Approved History of the Olympic Games" was written on his Underwood Portable."—Advt.

In the making of books there's a subtle change
We can hardly afford to ignore.
As a matter of fact, it is rather strange
That it hasn't occurred before.

Henceforth very likely the reader will get,
When he turns to the colophon,
Not the name, as of yore, of the type in which set,
But the typewriter written on.

—RICHARD ARMOUR.

* * *

Basil Davenport, of New York City, sends the following:

I think you certainly, and the readers of the PHOENIX NEST possibly, will be interested in a really ingenious misinterpretation I have come across in "A Test of Poetry," by Louis Zukofsky, recently published by the Objectivist Press. He quotes from the First Chorus in "Atalanta in Calydon" the stanza:

Where shall we find her, how shall we sing to her,
Fold our hands round her knees, and cling?
O that man's heart were as fire and could spring to her,
Fire, or the strength of the streams that spring!
For the stars and the winds are unto her
As raiment, as songs of the harp-player;
For the risen stars and the fallen cling to her,
And the southwest-wind and the west-wind, sing.

He then follows this with his comment, which runs in part:

> In particular it was intended to mean the coming of spring. It might mean that and almost anything else. Perhaps the most definite meaning to be obtained from it is the feeling of a very grandiose shadow built upon very little. More precisely:
>
> For the stars and the winds are unto her
> As raiment, as songs of the harp-player,

—evidently a puzzling proportion—four things are equated to one thing (her); *but the four things* [Mr. Zukofsky's italics] "(*stars, winds, raiment, songs of the harp-player*) are not equated to each other."

Here his comment ends.

Some of this criticism may be justified, though I should say that the "meaning" of the chorus was a fairly definite invocation of Artemis as goddess of months and seasons, and patroness of the Calydonian Hunt; but what really puzzles me is the excursion into mathematics. Surely it is plain that the lines quoted mean, "For the stars are to her as raiment, and the winds are to her as songs of her musicians"; and then Swinburne, foreseeing by prophetic inspiration that there would be some to whom even this was not clear, repeated it in the two lines following: "For the stars cling about her, and the winds sing to her." Certainly he did not intend to construct four separate proportions of the form "Stars are to Her as Her is to X."

It is, indeed, an amusing *gaffe,* and the phrase "very grandiose shadow" ("very grandiose" like "quite unique"!) alone, in Mr. Zukofsky's bewildered fumbling with pure lyric, shows his ineptness with language, where the song is actually as clear and bright as the spring weather that inspired it.

* * *

LOOK AT THE FUNNY MAN WRITING UNDER WATER!

My wife and my daughter
They gave me a pen
That will write under water . . .
It's all things to all men.

It will write upon leather
And linen and wool,
Regardless of weather,
And it always stays full.

It can write upon wax,
It is fluent as sin,
It stipples my slacks
And my shirts and my skin.

On the slickest tile wall,
When no one is near,
It can hastily scrawl
"Kilroy was here!"

On ads in the trolley
It can cut any caper;
But one thing, by golly . . . .
It won't write on paper!

—GORDDEN LINK.

* * *

WHISTLE STOP

Time is a train circling Eternity.
Atomic power can not wreck it.
Love can not flag it.
White bearded men can only guess,
And Youth cease to be,
When attempting to fathom
Its starting point or destination.

To the individual,
Life is a whistle stop
Between eternities.

—ROSA ZAGNONI MARINONI.

* * *

LINES AT RANDOM

Little worry, don't you fret
You'll become a Problem yet.

—MARIAN S. LAMONT.

* * *

—WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

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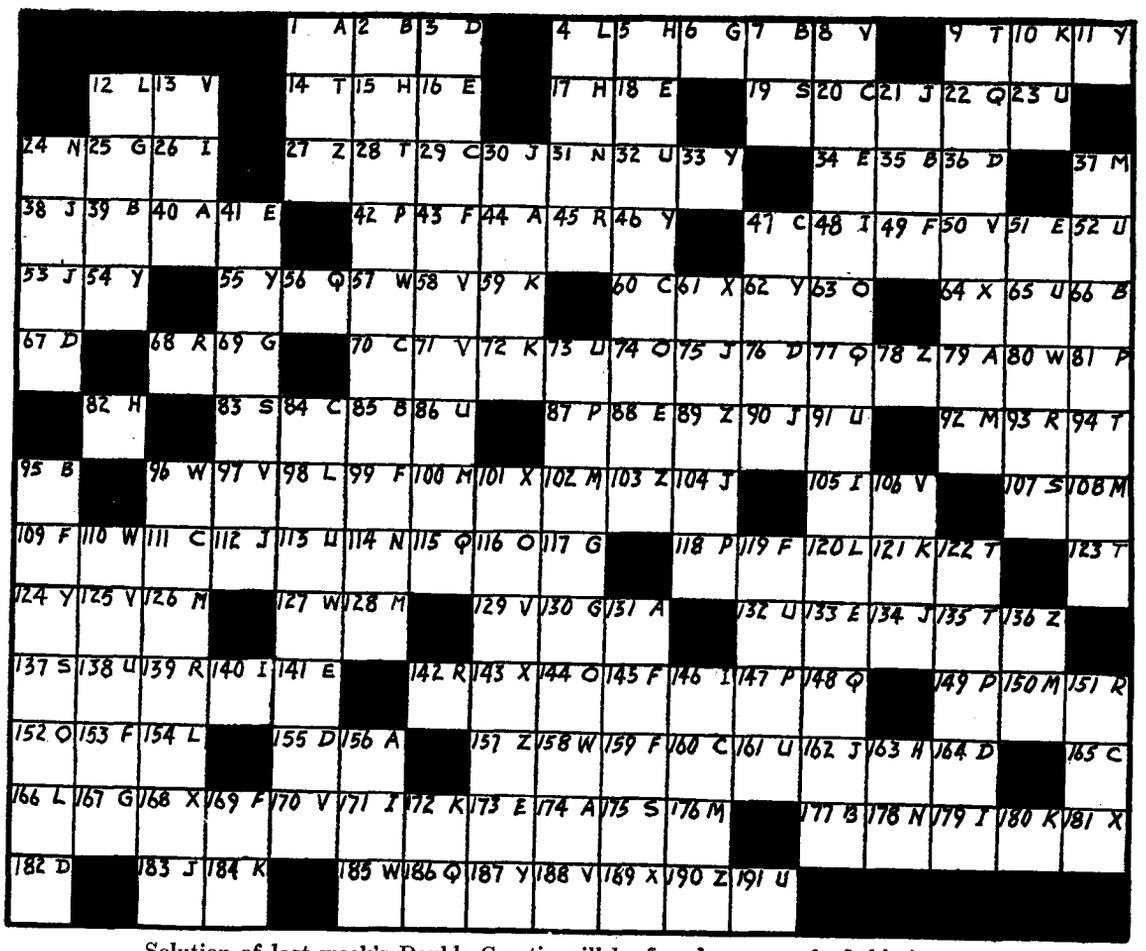
By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Divinatory.	156 40 1 44 131 174 79
B. A girl; a female servant (Sp.).	95 39 177 2 66 85 35 7
C. French explorer in Canada, northern New York, 1609.	111 47 165 70 60 20 84 160 29
D. One of the Harpies (Class. myth.).	155 164 67 76 3 182 36
E. English jurist and legal author (1407 [?]-1481; "Tenures").	133 88 34 16 41 141 173 18 51
F. The home of David (Bib.).	99 145 159 43 109 153 119 169 49
G. Holly, native to S U. S., used in "black drink" of Indians.	117 130 6 167 25 69
H. Village, mouth of the Tiber, anc. port of Rome.	15 5 17 163 82
I. Of the nature of niter.	179 171 105 26 146 48 140
J. Musical version of 13th century liturgical sequence by Rossini.	38 30 112 183 21 53 104 134 162 90 75
K. Masses of calcareous particles in internal ear of higher vertebrates (2 wds.; anat.).	184 10 121 72 172 180 59
L. Ancient Greek country, where Helenus and Andromache lived after the Trojan War.	120 166 12 98 4 154
M. Inspire with a foolish or extravagant passion.	102 176 92 108 150 37 100 126 128
N. Having a true luster when uncut; said of precious stones.	114 178 31 24
O. Acquisitive desire beyond reason.	152 116 74 63 144
P. Commits or conveys as to one's care.	42 87 147 81 118 149
Q. Applied to hunting and sled dogs native to Greenland and Labrador.	115 148 186 77 22 56
R. The bharal.	45 151 142 68 139 93
S. Thin or simple soup.	19 83 175 137 107
T. A Danaid whom Poseidon helped in distress (Gr. myth.).	28 123 135 9 94 14 122
U. To give up the services of (2 wds.).	191 113 161 132 23 32 91 86 65 52 73 138
V. Spanish cellist, composer, conductor (1876—; full name).	188 97 129 58 106 170 50 13 71 8 125
W. Clumsy or unskilled seamen (Naut.).	110 57 96 127 80 158 185
X. Deductive (logic; Latin phr.).	64 189 101 61 181 168 143
Y. First Chinese graduate of an American univ. (Yale, 1854, full name).	54 124 62 46 55 187 11 33
Z. Moves with a reciprocating motion.	136 78 190 103 157 27 89

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 6 of this issue.

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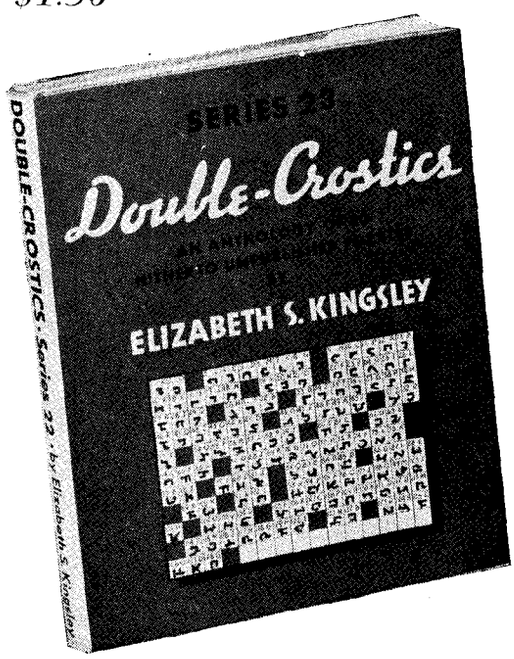

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1. Which would you rather read: (a) poetry (b) the Comics?
2. Which is bigger: (a) a viola (b) a cello?
3. Which Booth brother shot Lincoln: (a) John Wilkes (b) Edwin?
4. What was Thackeray's middle name: (a) Makepeace (b) Melville?
5. Would you rather (a) take part in a good bridge game or (b) take part in a good conversation?
6. Whom would you rather meet: (a) Napoleon (b) Lord Byron?
7. How do you feel towards dictionaries and encyclopedias: (a) friendly (b) frightened?
8. Would you rather (a) play solitaire (b) solve puzzles?

If at least four of your answers (including the one to Question 8) tally with those given at the bottom of this page, then you will find this book delightful and dangerous. It will make you forget your troubles—and miss trains. It will make you feel brilliant—and stay up too late.

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(1) a (2) b (3) a (4) a (5) b (6) b (7) a (8) b

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